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SEX FIEND! BANGINGSOME!

CH-CH-CH-CHANGES

MISSBEHAVE

Chloë SEVIGNY

Great Big Love

KURT & COURT

Alterna Crush 4 Eva!

26 WAYS

To Fake It 'Til You Make It

Michael Showalter

Wet Hot American Guy Advice

Lykke Li

Likely to Rule

ISSUE 10!

A Decade Worth of Missbehave, Sort of

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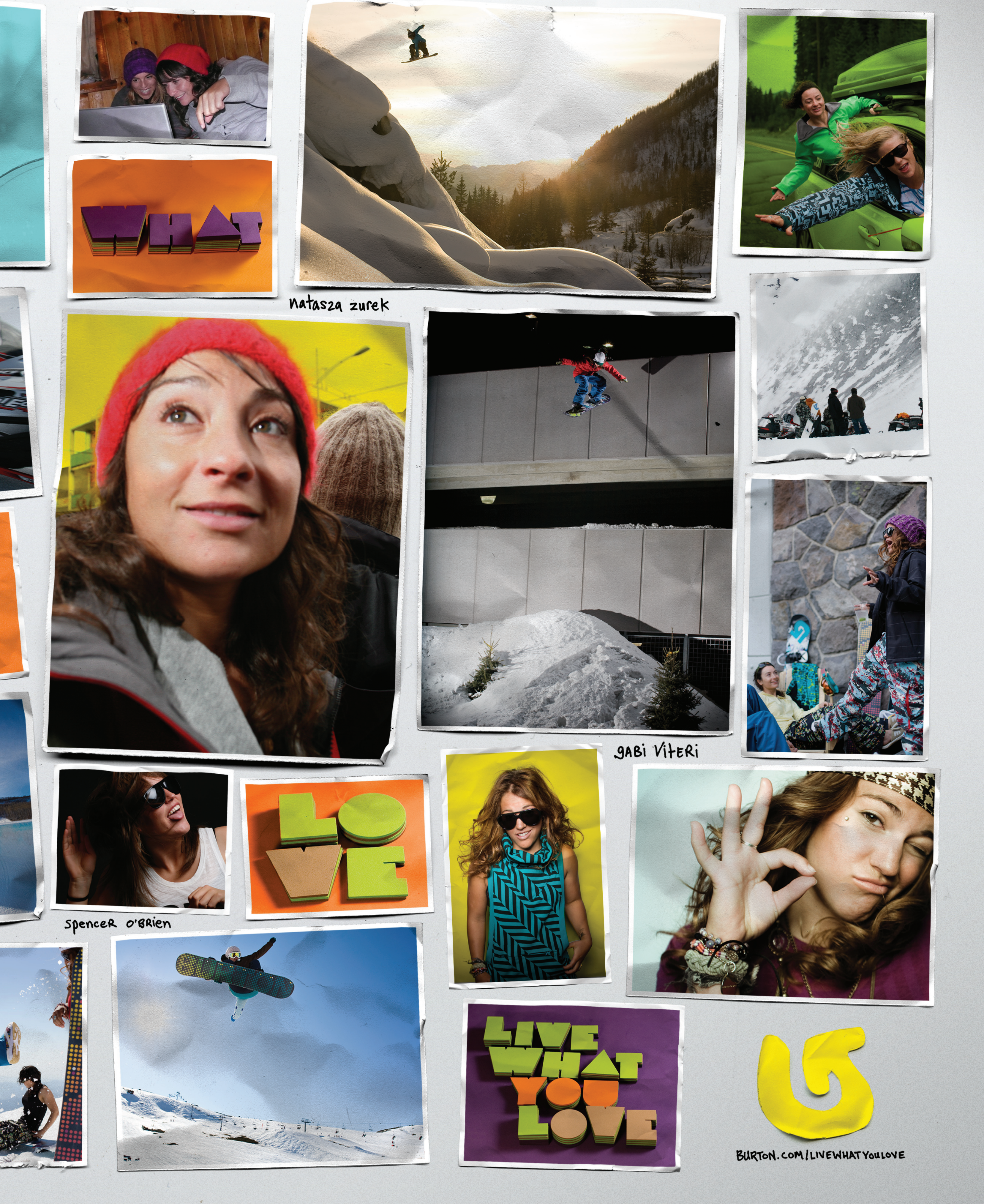
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A Decade Worth of Missbehave, Sort of

ON THE COVER:

CHLOË SEVIGNY

Photographed by Kenneth Cappello at his home in LA. Styling by Erin Hirsch and Ingrid Allen, Makeup by Robin Black, Hair by Clyde Haygood. Dress by Magda Berliner, Shoes by Rachel Comey from Satine. Hand lettering by Jeremy Pettis. Water-color by Sally Thurer

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No time for swine.

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LESLEY ARFIN First Concert: Squeeze

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SALLY THURER First Concert: MC Hammer

Director of Photography:
BROOKE NIPAR First Concert: Michael Jackson

Senior Editor:
OLIVIA ALLIN First Concert: Raffi

Features Fashion Editor:
ALLISON MILLER First Concert: Fine Young Cannibals

Market Fashion Editor:
ROSE GARCIA First Concert: Menudo

Online Editor:
SARAH MORRISON First Concert: Whitney Houston

Associate Editor:
MAUDE STANDISH First Concert: Green Day

Assistant Designer:
MIKE SARPY First Concert: Alice in Chains

Staff Photographer:
MARLEY KATE First Concert: Bon Jovi

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West Coast Editor:
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DAN NEWBOWER First Concert: Paul Simon

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KEITH ABRAMS First Concert: Digable Planets
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For advertising inquiries, please contact Adrian Moeller:
adrian@missbehavemag.com, or call (718) 858-0979 x307

COLUMNISTS:
Larry Conti, Greg Johnson, Jacqueline Novack, Gavin McInnes

CONTRIBUTING WRITERS:
Carlen Altman, Matt Barone, Sam Brown, Alex "the boy intern" Harrington, Mark Jacobs, Christine Mayrina, Michael Showalter, Aviva Yael

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS & PHOTOGRAPHERS:
Carlson Benjamin, Angela Boatwright, Kenneth Cappello, Jimmy Fontaine, Eduardo Juarez, Robert Louis, Danielle Levitt, Ryan Pfluger, Estelle Rancurel, Jennifer Rocholl, Stephen K. Schuster, Chris Shonting, Alessandro Simonetti, Ellen Stagg, Robyn Swank, Texas, Ways&Means

INTERNS:
Tila Johnson, Nora Pollack, Meg Prossnitz, Shaulybeth Fairweather

SPECIAL THANKS:
Mary HK Choi

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here's a secret that's probably not a secret: I have no fucking clue what I'm doing. Well, that's not entirely true. I *had* no idea what I was doing. When I first walked into the *Missbehave* office on Vandervoort Street, I was given my own little glass room with a door, a phone extension, and a blank pad of paper that looked at me like, "So?" I was fucked. I guess the good thing about being fucked is that you have the choice to fuck back. And so I did. I metaphorically started having sex with my new job. It didn't hurt like when I lost my V, but it was slightly awkward. The gentle caresses of my co-workers made it tender and sweet. Afterwards, we even spooned.

It's a bit intimidating to go from freelance hustler/tired author/"DJ" to being the Editor-in-Chief of a magazine. There was already a staff of cool-looking chicks that had been working here forever. Suddenly, I walk in and I'm like, "Wait, am I supposed to keep my office door open or closed? Open seems friendly but closed helps me get work done. And what's a Hed and Dek? Am I retarded for not knowing? Will they think I'm retarded if I ask?" The answers, both yes and no, ultimately came down to "who cares?" So what if I'm new, a little retarded, and unsure? So what if they laugh behind my back when I ask them if something is protocol? I'd rather ask and do it right, suck it up, and save my ass before I save my face. Those thoughts were and are still in my head but the bottom line is that there was so much to do, so much to be excited about, I just pushed those thoughts aside and kept going. And now we have issue #10. A good, solid number to start with, if not from the very beginning, then something close enough.

Lots has changed over here at *Missbehave*. For one, we moved our office from Vandervoort Street to Bedford Ave (hence the "open/closed door" situation is now moot). Rather than learn how to manage a staff "correctly", I've learned instead how to fall in love with them. Sam, Sally, Brooke, Olivia, Rose, Sarah, newcomer Maude and even good old Mary HK Choi, our ex-EIC but remaining family member, all put up with my weird insecurities and erratic personality traits with patience and hugs. There are a lot of people in this issue to thank, but most of all I want to thank the staff. I'm not sure if you guys know this, but I fucking LOVE my new job.

Making this issue was crazy. The good kind of crazy. We asked Chloë Sevigny to be our cover girl in between her *Big Love* scenes, and our old friends photographer Kenneth Cappello and writer Mark Jacobs stepped up to the plate to add their dazzle. We got the cutest guys you know aka The Whitest Kids U'Know to go head to head with the Variety SHAC for a MASH competition. (We tried to make it a pizza party but it was Labor Day and the good pizza place was closed). Heloise and The Savoir Faire, my obsession, finally graced our pages. Please go see them play live. It's like *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* meets Blondie meets Vaudeville meets *The Muppet Show*. Yes, all of those references apply. Fashion-wise we got two amazing Jalouse stylists to show us what's up, and please, a *Punky Brewster* inspired fashion story? Obviously dreams do come true.

"The *Missbehave* Guide to Faking It" became more than appropriate as well, for I've done my fare share of faking it for the past three months. I faked being an Editor-in-Chief. I faked managing a staff. I faked knowing what the hell I was doing. As you flip through the issue and your panties get wet, let me know if you can tell the difference between faking like you know, and just knowing. Seriously. I don't know what the difference is anymore. I don't even think it matters anyway.

Love you, mean it,

Lesley Arfin

“BREEZE” BRISSI

19-year-old Brissi has been modeling for *Missbehave* for a minute ‘cause we dug her braces and crazy faces. Her fondest memories are hanging out with her grandmom at their Albanian farm. Brissi enjoys Orangina, MGMT, and *Tom & Jerry*. While she never got around to becoming an international lawyer, she’s not wasting what she’s got. Brissi is kinda the Mandate of Heaven spokesmodel but is going to go work her “assoff” in Asia. We might come.

KENNETH CAPPELLO

Meet Kenneth Cappello. Oh, you know him already? Of course you do. He’s only shot photos for like every cool magazine ever. For *Missbehave*, he got together with longtime pal Chloë Sevigny and they created the usual magic in his cute lil’ LA cottage. His book, *Acid Drop*, should be out by the time you finish reading this sentence (Tiny Vices/Aperture), which include pix of Kenneth and his homies on skateboards when they were just wee likkle boys. We wonder if he was secretly reading *Tarantulas on the Brain* by Marilyn Singer around that same time, because that’s his favorite kid’s book. Kenneth is a Nine who runs and eats healthy and has a little dog with a weird name. Still drooling? We thought so. Stalk him at kennethcappello.com.

STEPHEN K. SCHUSTER

A born and bred New Yorker, Stephen K Schuster is like *Missbehave*’s hot cousin. Former *Mass Appeal* Director of Photography and photographer extraordinaire, 26-year-old Stephen is working on several awesomely eccentric projects, including his 3-year deep NYC-high-schooler documentary photo series, *100 Hamburgers* (featuring every hamburger he eats), and a limited edition fine art book, called *Kelly*, based on his past relationship. We’re kinda jealous. This issue, Mr. Stephen shot our “Guide to Faking it” and “Employee of the Month” pages. Stephen likes flannels, girls who work at *Missbehave*, and empanadas. He hates talking about himself and girls who love Paris. When he was a kid, he wanted to be “a grown up.” stephenkschuster.com

MARK JACOBS

The first writing gig Mark Jacobs ever got paid for was for *Esquire* magazine. “I wrote about hearing loss.” Since then, he’s hustled for *Paper*, *iD*, *V*, *New York Times Magazine*, and penned the intro for *We Are Experienced* (Danielle Levitt’s photo book, see Last Call). For this issue, he grilled our cover girl, Chloë Sevigny, about drugs, fantasy weddings, baby names, and the Indigo Girls. Mark lives in New York City and his favorite children’s book is *Cloudy With a Chance of Meatballs*. “I wanted to option it, but Sony got to it first.”

SARAH MORRISON

Sarah Morrison wrote the “Made Me” Star Search as well as TV Psycho(logy), plus a few other hidden gems. She works as *Missbehave*’s Special Internet Operations Manager. As a child she had dreams of growing up and becoming a unicorn. Her favorite booze is cigarettes and she has never bought anything off eBay. She likes TV better than real life and her favorite book is *Valley of the Dolls*. She takes in abandoned LOL cats in her spare time. She and her virtual pets live in Brooklyn, New York.

JEREMY PETTIS

Jeremy Pettis has no regrets, but then again he’s only 23, so who knows what might happen after a few more years and a few more bottles of whiskey? Jeremy currently resides in the Schlitz and cheese-curd capital of the world, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, where he daydreams about punching Dustin Diamond. He’s *Missbehave*’s newly appointed Type Consultant and for this issue, he designed the word “Chloë” on the cover in between doodling, casting plastic Popsicles and sipping Mexican coke. Mmmmmm… Mexican coke.

SÉBASTIEN CAMBOS

Frenchman Sébastien Cambos graced the *Missbehave* pages with his fashion presence in “Circle Circle Dot Dot.” Besides the occasional freelance gig, Sébastien can usually be found at *Jalouse* magazine. The best thing about working on his story for this issue was, “To have the whole freedom and that all of the staff of *Missbehave* relied on me [sic].” While English isn’t his first language, fashion certainly is and so it’s true, we trusted him completely. Get enchanté’d at sebastiencambos.com!

GAVIN MCINNES

This here’s Gavin McInnes, whom you might remember from such brief stints as oh… I don’t know, starting *Vice* magazine? Gavin has moved on to a plethora of other projects since, and for us he got baked and invented stuff, releasing some of the pressure on his idea gland. When he’s not working, Gavin enjoys playing in his 80s hardcore cover band called 80s Hardcore, hanging out with his two kids Sophie Whiterabbit and Duncan Whitethunder (his wife’s from the rez), and doing drugs and drinking. We asked him if he could fight anyone, dead or alive, who would it be? His answer: “I can’t say because he’s alive and I don’t want to warn him.” Visit Gavin in all his glory at streetbonersandtvcarnage.com!

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Love,
karma LOOP .com
WE RUN THE
karmaloop
POW!
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22 Reasons We Can't Sit Still!

a.d.h.d.

Butter Makes the World Go Round

Butter really greases my wheel. As a recent transplant from the Midwest to New York, I get pretty huffed-up when new-age/pro-ana types try to replace it with fat-free, soybean bullshit. I mean, think of all the wonderful, food-coma magic butter brings into your life: mouth-watering croissants, squishy cookies, flakey pie crusts, and so much more. In the Midwest, people may get fat as shit but they also live happy, fulfilling lives—unlike those who chose to expel butter from their existence. For Valentine's Day, I'm sending a card to butter, made out of butter, and maybe someday we will make sweet milkyfat butter babies and live butterily ever after. —*Maude Standish*

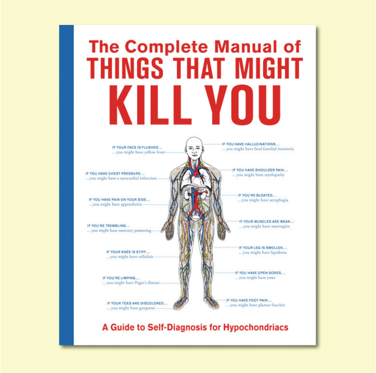
Darkhorse

Darkhorse is the name of the Toronto-based, coleslawsome streetwear brand created by brothers Andrew and Jaime Randle in 2007. The concepts and palette for the colorful T-shirt line range from classic hip hop to political punk. The shirts' current and unique cultural statements are as loud as their colors, but with an understated runway touch. Some of my favorite designs from the collection include: Apollonia, Grace Jones, an ass, Freddie Mercury, a girl fellating the Eiffel Tower, a girl laying in a car with her legs touching the moon, a cartoon of Alexander McQueen, and the logo "EAT MY PUCCI." This line is all the street chic you might need in your life, and probably more. Be careful not to OD. Get dark at darkhorseworld.com and retail stores worldwide.—*Emilia Perez*

Miracle Berry Fruit Tablets

Ballin' on a budget? Yeah, me too. And I have a weakness for top shelf tequila. Talk about conflicting circumstances! Luckily, Miracle Berry Fruit Tablets makes even the gnarliest of tequilas taste like the priciest Patron you can find. How, you ask? Just dissolve a tablet on your tongue before a night of debauchery, et voila! They're kinda like a reverse Jesus, instead of turning water into wine, they turn tequila into water (or at least taste like it). Oh Lord, please don't let me end up in a Mexican jailhouse! Try Miracle Berry Fruit Tablets with anything sour. They really do make life so much sweeter. Stock up at thinkgeek.com—*Christine Mayrina*

Miracle Fruit Tablets
Mysterious Fruit Tab.



WHY I MUST HAVE
SEX WITH YOU
RIGHT NOW
TONIGHT
VERY SOON
ALL THE TIME
PLEASE
PRETTY PLEASE
I'LL PAY YOU
OR ELSE

Knock Knock

There is overwhelming goodness emanating from Knock Knock—they've managed to take everything annoying about your life and assuage it in a witty book, notebook, or convenient kit. Need to make a grocery list, packing list, party planning list, or Why I Must Have Sex With You list? Grab their check list pad! Need to write a stupid thank you note? Snag a *Mad Libs* style fill/fold/seal/send self-mailer pad and your work is half done! Are you badly organized? Order a menu, home, card, and medical organizer and all of a sudden you're Martha Stewart! It's like Organization 101 for snarky sociopaths! Once you've mastered the good stuff, downplay with the Self-Hurt book series, which includes such lovable classics as *How To Get Fat* and *How To Have an Ill-Behaved Dog*! Get knocked up at knockknock.biz!—*Olivia Allin*

NOOKA · HELLZ
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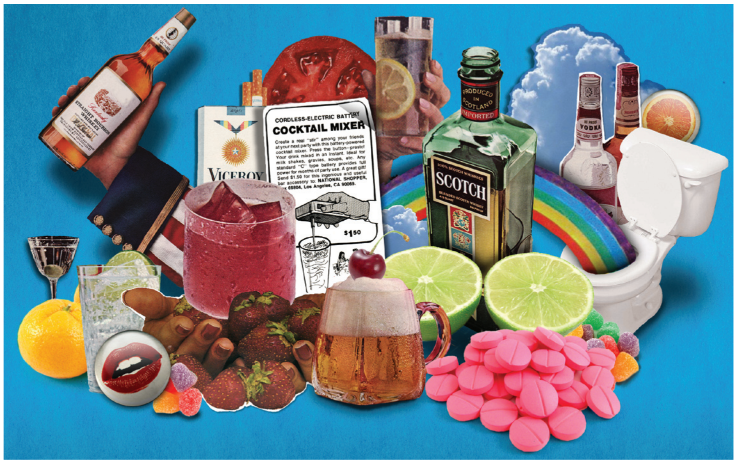
Hellz Bellz X Nooka

Ever since hearing "Phone Home" by Lil Wayne, I've been craving all things outer space related, and not just making sweet martian love to my favorite rapper. Now all I need is this rad Nooka/Hellz Bellz collab watch to satisfy my super galactic cravings. With a purple and blue Milky Way design, black metal mesh strap, and a minute hand that's not a hand but more like a fuel gauge, this timepiece is perfect for my inner astronaut. If Weezy saw me rocking it, I'm sure he'd take me straight to Pluto for a lover's getaway. Is that a planet still, or what?—Meg Prossnitz



Holiday Cocktails

Holidays are all about bonding with people you're *hardly* related to while simultaneously binge eating and binge drinking. Sometimes, you need a little encouragement (and a lot of mistletoe-fueled making out) to get in the holiday spirit. Here are ten *Missbehave*-approved liquid escapes:

(Hating Being) Home for the Holidays:
Hot coffee, Sailor Jerry Spiced Rum, Mi Abuela Coquito coconut crème liqueur, and three aspirin

Kwazy Kwanzaa:
Bulldog Gin infused with a ginger teabag, passionfruit juice, and crystallized ginger

Hallucinogenic Hanukkah:
Lotus Vodka, V8 juice, ground dried mushrooms, Liquid Smoke, and a mini matzo ball

***Eastern Promises* Christmas:**
Lotus Vodka, Mi Abuela Coquito coconut crème liquor, and Kahlúa in a Vladimir Putin mug

Turkey Tonic:
Dry Sack Sherry, Sour Apple Pucker, apple cider, lemon juice, and three orange Tums crushed up

The "Yeah Mom, I'm Dieting":
Propel Fitness Water and Blue Lotus Vodka in a sports bottle

Who Spiked the Punch? (I did):
Sailor Jerry Spiced Rum, Grand Marnier, egg nog, Ambien, and nutmeg

Christmas Vacation Tree:
Kaffir lime leaf muddled with simple syrup, Bulldog Gin, 7UP, and four pine needles

Violently Happy New Year:
TY KU Sake with elderflower liqueur, champagne,and a handful of prophylactics

KFC Kurisumasu:
Bulldog Gin, TY KU Sake, green tea liqueur, white cranberry juice, with a side of KFC

Cocktail Illustration: **Ways&Means**

Hot Blondies

Go get your fat pants on and call your girls over, ASAP! There are few things we ladies love: wedding rings, babies, shoes, and yup, you guessed it, chocolate. All JK'ing aside, Hot Blondies Bakery (created by Laura Paterson and Lorin Rokoff) will have you swooning as soon as you sink your teeth into their brownies. Or as they call them, "Blondies" and "Brunettes." McClever alert! Apparently giving brownies cute names makes them taste better! Hi, Butterscotch White Chocolate Chip and Nutella Hazelnut, I love you! The best part of all is that they send the goodies right to your door, wrapped in leopard print paper, and tied up in a cute red bow! And don't worry, men love curves. Find yourself a pair of really amazing heels to go with your new paunch and we just killed a million birds with one delicious stone! Kill yours at hotblondiesbakery.com! –Christine Mayrina

FASHION WEEK @ REDBULL SPACE

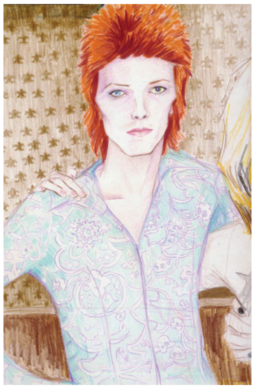
What do you get when you mix one part *Missbehave*, one part Red Bull, and one part Married To The Mob? Duh, the most high-energy NYC Fashion Week party ever! It all went down in the ultra sleek Red Bull Space in SoHo. In a nutshell, Uffie popped her glock, Leah got on the mic and gave a stuck-up DJ a piece of her mind, the *Missbehave* gang was Kung Fu fighting on the dance floor, Bronques from lastnightsparty.com made us look fabulous on film, 542 cans of Red Bull were consumed, and we had our very own cocktail called "The Bad Bitch" presented by TY KU! Thanks Red Bull, we heart you!—*Samantha Moeller*

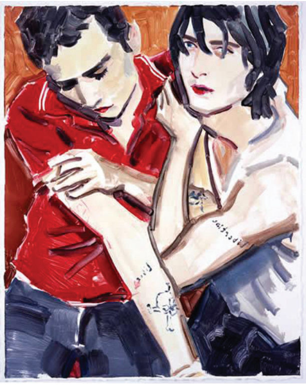
Prune Face

Ever wonder what the secret is to Mary Kate and Ashley's fish-faced pout? The word has finally gotten out about their trick to looking extra-emaciated and camera ready! Simply say the word "prune," focusing on the "pru" and biting in your cheek with the "ne." And don't think "prune" is only a red carpet maneuver—it also looks really great in holiday photos, yearbook pictures, and family portraits! Next time mom whips out that disposable camera to capture some corny moment, pull out the "prune" and watch your pictures go from everyday to celebrity.—*Alex Jordan Harrington*

Elizabeth Peyton

What's the best part of working in an office? Getting to decorate your workspace (well, that and prank calling your coworkers sitting six feet away). My favorite new addition to my cubicle art collection is a reproduction of a painting called "Princess Kurt" made by New York artist Elizabeth Peyton. She is best known for her beautiful, stylized portraits of the famous, rich, and incredibly attractive like Prince William, David Bowie, and our cover girl Chloë Sevigny, to name a few. Her paintings somehow manage to capture the crossroad where the cool public person encounters the fragile being underneath. I experience this every time I glance at Kurt Cobain wearing a tiara and a dress. Maybe someday I'll earn enough to get the original. Elizabeth Peyton's retrospective, "Live Forever", is up at the New Museum until January 11. You can also check out her work at artnet.com, Gavin Brown's gallery, or if you're lucky enough to stumble upon it, in an old Marc Jacobs ad.—*Emilia Perez*





YMYL Holster

Stealthy, anyone? The YMYL Holster is perfect for all your sneaky fantasies, on those days when you don't feel like lugging around an Ally Sheedy-from-*The Breakfast Club* sized bag because "you never know when you might have to jam." Plus, with the YMYL Holster, you'll look like a private investigator just getting off work, or a stacked mafiosa, or just a bossy bitch packing heat. And with both hands free at all times, you can take care of business, as you should. G'head, ma at ymylholster.com

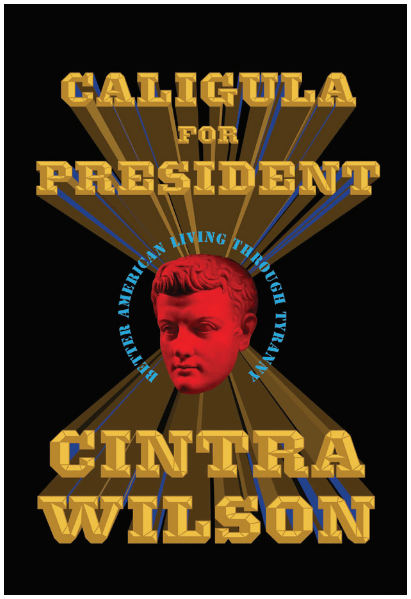
—*Christine Mayrina*

T-shirt Photo: **Lastnightsparty.com**

LNP X FREEGUMS

There is nothing more thrilling when you're drunk than a photographer. You look hot. These photos are gonna be on the internet tomorrow, and they're going to be awesome. You're going to make every single one of them your default MySpace photo. Morning! You are lying on the bathroom floor. Your panties are in your hair. You want water, you want French fries, you want a laptop, and you want it NOW. You type in Lastnightsparty.com with hesitation, scared of what you will find. And there you are. You drunk mess you. Looking hot and sexy. Looking like every drink you are holding is your first. You breathe a sigh of relief and run to the bathroom to puke. You'll update your MySpace tomorrow. Remember your finest moments forever with a LastNightsParty T-shirt. Bronques promises you will look good in it. Cop one at Freegums.com.—*Sarah Morrison*

Caligula for President



Our political system is royally fucked and we all know it. It's super annoying when rich-kid hippies come up to us on the street with their crinkled Xeroxes, spewing off their hatred of the American system. It's like sure, I hate capitalism and all, but I also love lattes and 500 thread count Egyptian cotton sheets and you're making me late for my cash-crop job that buys me those things, you know? Cintra Wilson gets it, and hearts your consumerism. Still, in her new book, *Caligula for President: Better American Living Through Tyranny*, Wilson will entice you to put down your iPhone and gulp down a sizable amount of knowledge about our fucked system. Told through the literary device of a would-be dictator memoir, *Caligula for President* explores how close our fledgling nation is to becoming a full-throttle dictatorship. But unlike those hippies you avoid daily, Wilson manages to fill your head with CIA conspiracies while being cosmically hilarious. This mashup of fiction and fact will either have you duct taping tin foil over your windows with paranoia, or happily munching on Prozac while watching Super Bowl commercials on YouTube. We switch off between the two.—*Maude Standish*

Vampires in General

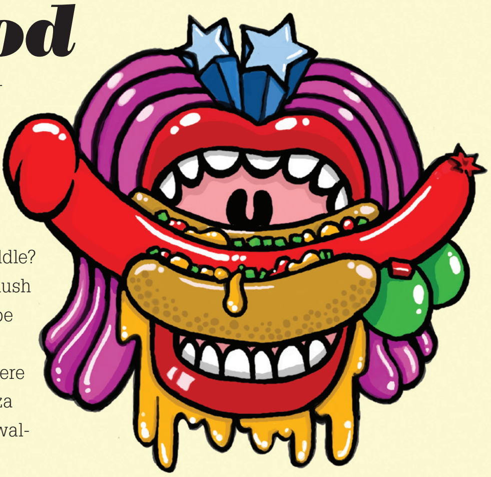
Vampires are so hot right now… and in general. Half of us *Missbehave* ladies are in love with HBO's *True Blood*, while the other half are not but watch it anyway. The *Twilight* book series is RULING. Being a *Buffy* fan goes without saying (yeah, the TV show *and* the movie). This girl Liz told us she knew real vampires, except she spells it "vampyre" cuz she's down as fuck. Hopefully, we'll get to hang out with those guys soon cause we wanna drink blood and stay inside all day. We wanna sleep in coffins and have fangs. We want every day to be Halloween and we never want to die. If that means we've got to be albino and wear capes, we're game. We're not saying bite us. But, um, bite me? —*Missbehave*

THE KEYISHE

Vally Girl and Old Young make up the super cute pop-tastic electro duo The Keyishe. I first met The Keyishe when they submitted the winning song "Hollywood to Tokyo" for the Just Sweet Beats contest we ran last year. When the two kooky kids showed up in NYC, they seemed like enchanted elves, not so much because they looked like elves, but because they kept talking about treasure hunting and the way their name could be a word scrambler, (like "key is she" or "the key is he"). They get really into each other, true love-wise. You can find The Keyishe at their LA Goes Boom Party or performing at Key Club, Bordello Bar, and all kinds of cool underground warehouse parties with other cool names that you probably need an egg to get into (so LA). Find out more about Old Young and Vally Girl at myspace.com/thekeyishe!—*Samantha Moeller*

Phallic Food

There was a time when I had aspirations of encountering a man-stick at 4 am. Now I only want to encounter food. Luckily, there are marketing geniuses out there combining the two (for the too tired to suck-and-swallow, but able to chew-and-swallow set). Do you get morning wood for Kraft Bagel-fuls with a delightful cream cheese middle? A chubby for crullers with oozing fruit centers? A flush for a refreshing Creamsicle to cool you down? Maybe it's that hot dog full of Cheez Whiz that makes you wanna unbutton your pants? I dream of a world where pickles have ketchup centers and burritos have pizza fillings. A place where no one spits and everyone swallows. Yum. Swallow. —*Sarah Morrison*



TRUE NORTH
100% NATURAL
PECAN ALMOND PEANUT CLUSTERS
NET WT. 5.5 OZ. (155.9g)

True North Clusters

Normally, the clustering of nuts freak me out, but True North (which weirdly hails from very southern Texas) made the best nut-carnation since peanut butter. I'm super gung-ho about their pecan-almond-peanut clusters. No longer confined to trail mix and fancy mixed varieties, these nutty nubbins have a fresh-roasted, sweet, crunchy, and compact appeal. These cubes of joy are perfect for road trips, PMS sugar cravings, quasi-fancy looking party bowls, and maybe broken up on some yogurt. Grab a bag or visit truenorthsnacks.com and fill up your cheeks for winter!—*Olivia Allin*

Phallic Food Illustration: **Ways&Means**

Miracle Grow

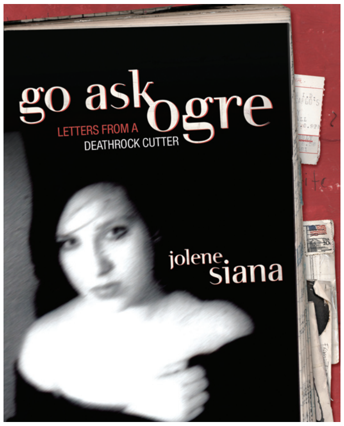
Blame it on Cousin It, Cory Kennedy, and that Garnier Fructis commercial where the girl ties a knot with her hair to show how long and strong it is, but I am seriously craving LONG HAIR. Lucky for you, I've found the answer to growing long billowing locks by January! All it takes is a combination of two remedies: Mane 'N Tail Shampoo and BioSil Supplements. I've been using the shampoo for the last six weeks and my hair had grown somewhat faster than usual. (Proof: more frequent bang trims needed). To add pedal to the metal (wait, do people really say that?) and make my hair grow even faster, I decided to start using BioSil which is a supplement aimed to make your hair and nails grow at lightning speed. I'm now happy to report that today while walking to therapy, I looked at my reflection and noticed that my hair is already down to my shoulders! Hello Mark the Cobrafarts, I'm ready for my close-up! (JK) P.S. I wonder if anyone has sent in pubic hair as a donation to Locks of Love… Do you think? —*Carlen Altman*

SOCK PUPPET SOCKS

I hate socks. They're weird. I hate feet in socks even more. Creeps me out. Luckily, Todd Bratrud, a legendary sort of skateboard-graphic dude, has made socks less weird. In his signature collection for Volcom, Todd has brought us sock puppets. He has single handedly made feet in socks get better. Put them on your hands and do a puppet show! Put them on your feet and do creepy things with your toes! Feet are weird, but puppets are awesome. "Ohai foot, I am a hand!" "Ohai foot, I am a hand dressed as a skateboard in a tuxedo. Wanna cuddle?" Volcom.com—*Sarah Morrison*

Astrologyzone

Sometimes, when I'm too lazy to take life into my own hands, I obsessively lurk on Internet horoscope sites hoping they'll give me magical truths about the unknown. They're never right, and I'm always left to make my own decisions (ugh). Then I came across Susan Miller's astrologyzone.com! It's almost scary how on-point she is about what's to come your way. She drops psychic knowledge based on your sign—like how to handle the craze that's about to turn your whole world guano, what weekends are best for partying, or how to seduce that Scorpio you've been drooling over. I don't know who writes for those other sites (Madame Cleo maybe?), but Susan Miller's site is the TRUTH, and it's got nearly six million readers to prove it! Thank your lucky stars @ astrologyzone.com!—*Christine Mayrina*



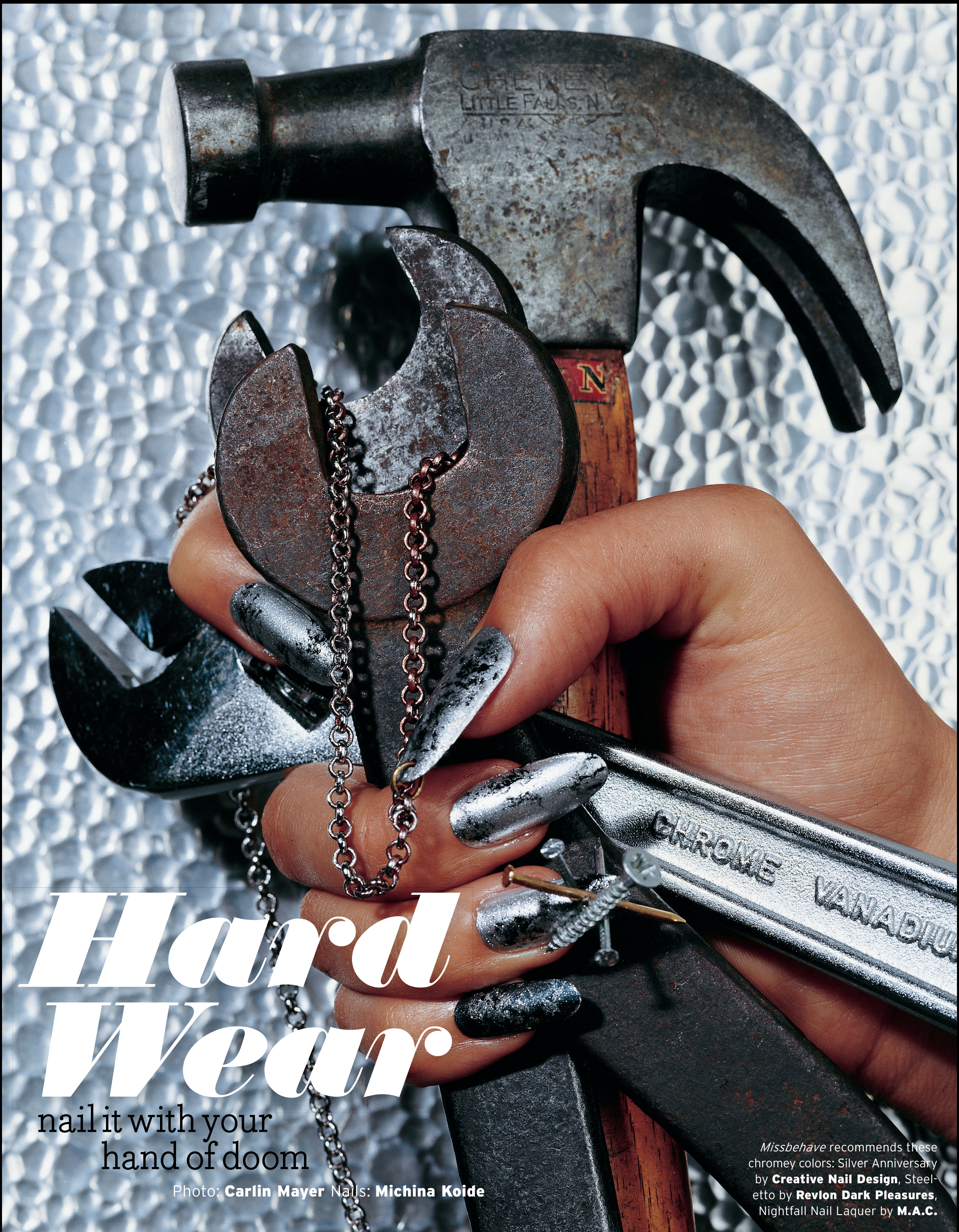
Go Ask Ogre:
Letters From a Deathrock Cutter

I discovered *Go Ask Ogre* when a friend mentioned it in passing like, "You mean you haven't read this book?" Rather than feel like a total idiot, I was all, "Oh yeah, I've heard of it, can I borrow?" She loaned; I never gave it back. *Go Ask Ogre* is author Jolene Siana's teenage account of her obsession with Skinny Puppy's lead singer Nivek Ogre, and how she proceeded to write him fan mail nearly every single day. It's like her diary, but in fan mail form, and Ogre totally wrote back! Jolene wrote endlessly about how she was a cutter and realized that writing to Ogre most likely saved her life. The two formed a bond that got her off the self-inflicted pain and onto the guest list for Skinny Puppy shows. He told her that one day he'd send her all the letters back and sure enough, nine years later, boxes filled with her pen-and-ink drawings, poems, and letters showed up at her doorstep. She took all of them to a publisher and cha-ching! Long live our favorite kind of voyeurism. Who said industrial music had to be void of warm, snuggly feelings?—*Lesley Arfin*

Friends With Pee

Once upon a time, I went back to visit my old college. What was supposed to be a weekend of good old-fashioned regression ended up with me on the toilet for the entire night and into the wee hours of the morning. Did I have to pee? No, but it felt like I did. Every five fucking seconds I'd sit on the toilet and just wait for… nothing. I would've peed outta my eye sockets if Mother Nature had allowed it, but rules is rules. The complete waste of a trip could have been saved had I heard of Cystex! Who does the PR for this company? They suck! There are few miracle drugs in this world: Advil, morphine, this pill in India I got that makes you stop feeling nauseous, and Cystex. If you ever get a UTI, pick up this little gem at your local 24-hour pharmacy. It's sold over-the-counter and the hurty pee feeling goes away in about ten minutes. I don't care if it tricks me into croaking with a deadly kidneys-bursting catastrophe, just as long as it doesn't hurt when I pee.—*Lesley Arfin*

Double Action Formula
• Fights Urinary Pain Fast
• Helps Control Infection*
CYSTEX®
URINARY PAIN RELIEF TABLETS
• Analgesic- Fights urinary pain (162.5 mg Sodium Salicylate)
• Antibacterial- Helps control infection* (162 mg Methenamine)
40 TABLETS


CHENEY
LITTLE FALLS, N.Y.
U.S.A.
N
CHROME
VANADIUM

Hard Wear

nail it with your hand of doom

Photo: **Carlin Mayer** Nails: **Michina Koide**

Missbehave recommends these chromey colors: Silver Anniversary by **Creative Nail Design**, Steel-etto by **Revlon Dark Pleasures**, Nightfall Nail Laquer by **M.A.C.**

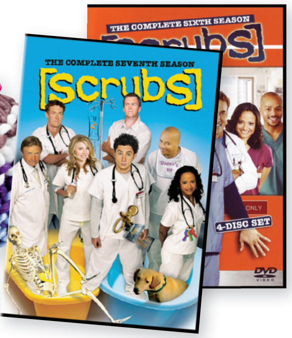
Nails: **Michina Koide** @ Art Department for M.A.C., Nail Assistant: **Maki Sakamoto**, Model: **Maude Standish**

the south
Bronx
black/mixtapes/acamonchi
OSIRIS
www.osirisgirls.com

Breathe:
Decongestant

Decongestant by **VEDA PURE**

Knit hat by **BURTON**


THE COMPLETE SIXTH SEASON
THE COMPLETE SEVENTH SEASON
[scrubs]
4-DISC SET

Scrubs DVDs from **AMAZON**

Headache, Fever, and a Chill?

getting sick looks contagious

photos: **Marley Kate**
style: **Sally Thurer**

Bra & hoodie by **VICTORIA'S SECRET PINK**, Sweatpants by **55DSL**

KISS MY FACE
Aromatherapeutic
Obsessively Natural
Cold & Flu Room Spray
"No cure, just comfort"
Breathe Easy
Not a medication
8 Fl Oz 236 mL

Aromatherapeutic room spray by **KISS MY FACE**

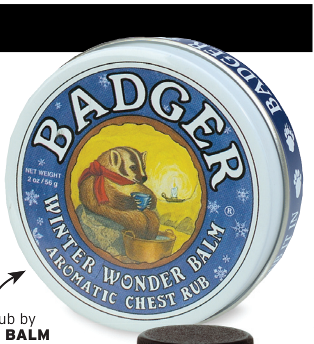
Humidifier by **CRANE**

SWISS MADE
OLBAS
Dr. Ehninger's Herbal Formula
COUGH SYRUP
4 FL. OZ. / 118 ML

Cough syrup by **OLBAS**

ALESSI
TRADITIONAL
Brodo di Pollo
SICILIAN
CHICKEN NOODLE SOUP
MAKES 8 1 CUP SERVINGS
NET WT. 6 OZ. (170g)

Chicken soup mix by **ALESSI**


BADGER
WINTER WONDER BALM
AROMATIC CHEST RUB
NET WEIGHT 2 oz / 56 g

Chest rub by **BADGER BALM**

Choice Organic Teas
Organic Chamomile Spearmint
Herbal Infusion with Bergamot
[caffeine free]

Organic tea by **CHOICE**

Fruta Vida
Fruit of Life from the Brazilian Rainforest
Açaí
net weight 1.5 Fl. oz. (45 ml)

Açai juice by **FRUTA VIDA**

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SOOTHING · HEALING · RELIEVING
BURT'S BEES
Medicated LIP BALM
with clove oil
0.15 oz. (4.25 g)

Medicated lip balm by **BURT'S BEES**

Creedlers by **VOLCOM**

Makeup: **Jillian Villafane**, Hair: **Billy Keith Lawhon**, Model: **Courtney** @ Q Management. Balm, syrup, room spray, & humidifier images: **drugstore.com**, Açai, creedlers, soup & tea photos: **Eduardo Juarez**, Special Thanks: **Betsey McClain**

See **Buy It Now** for details on page 96

C-2
48
KODAK 400NC-2
49
7

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Dr. AirWair Martens

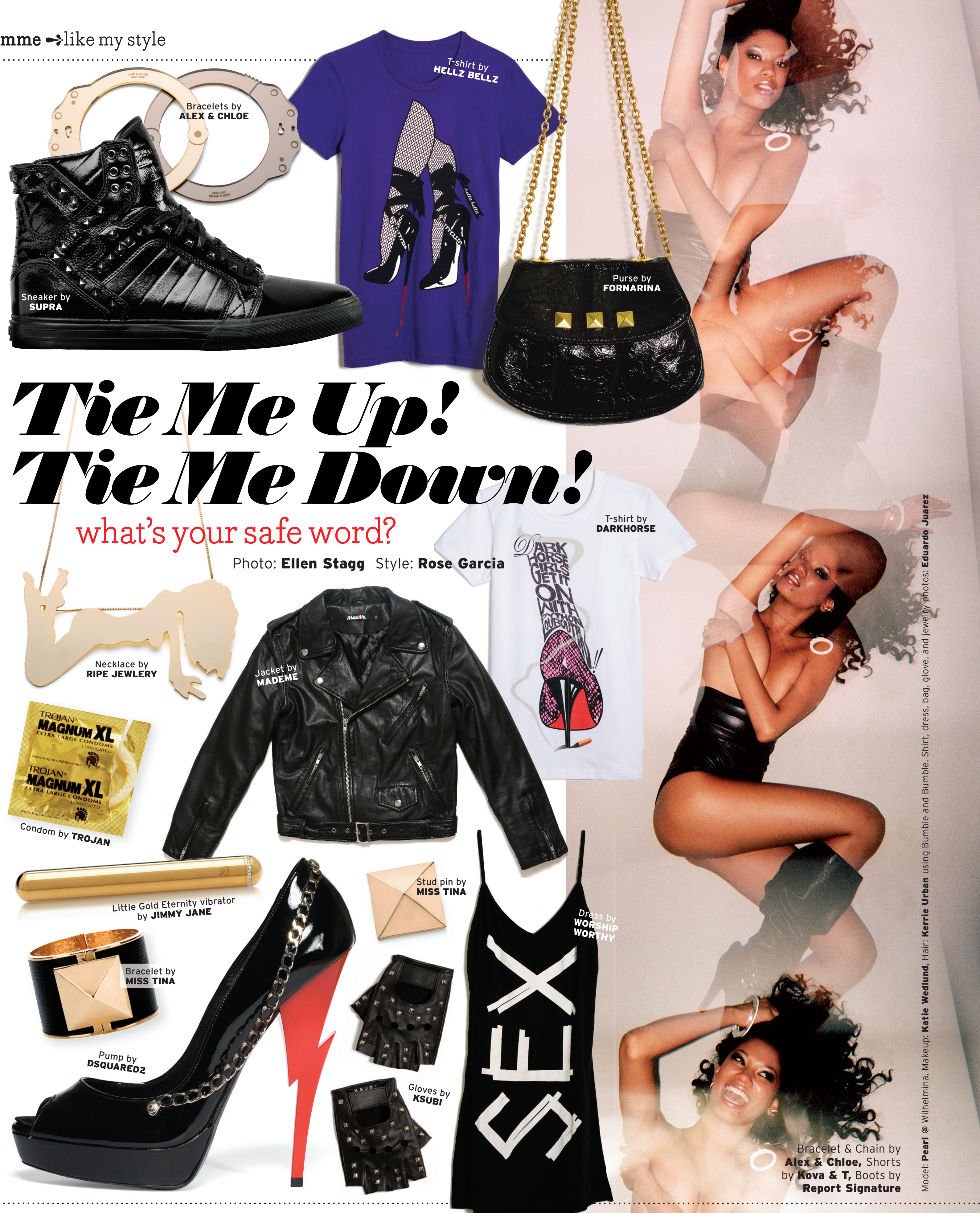
With Bouncing Soles

www.drmartens.com

Tie Me Up! Tie Me Down!

what's your safe word?

Photo: **Ellen Stagg** Style: **Rose Garcia**


TROJAN MAGNUM XL EXTRA LARGE CONDOMS LUBRICATED
DARK HORSE GIRLS GET IT ON WITH LOUBOUTIN
SEX

Bracelets by **ALEX & CHLOE**

T-shirt by **HELLZ BELLZ**

Sneaker by **SUPRA**

Purse by **FORNARINA**

T-shirt by **DARKHORSE**

Necklace by **RIPE JEWELRY**

Jacket by **MADEME**

Condom by **TROJAN**

Little Gold Eternity vibrator by **JIMMY JANE**

Stud pin by **MISS TINA**

Dress by **WORSHIP WORTHY**

Bracelet by **MISS TINA**

Pump by **DSQUARED2**

Gloves by **KSUBI**

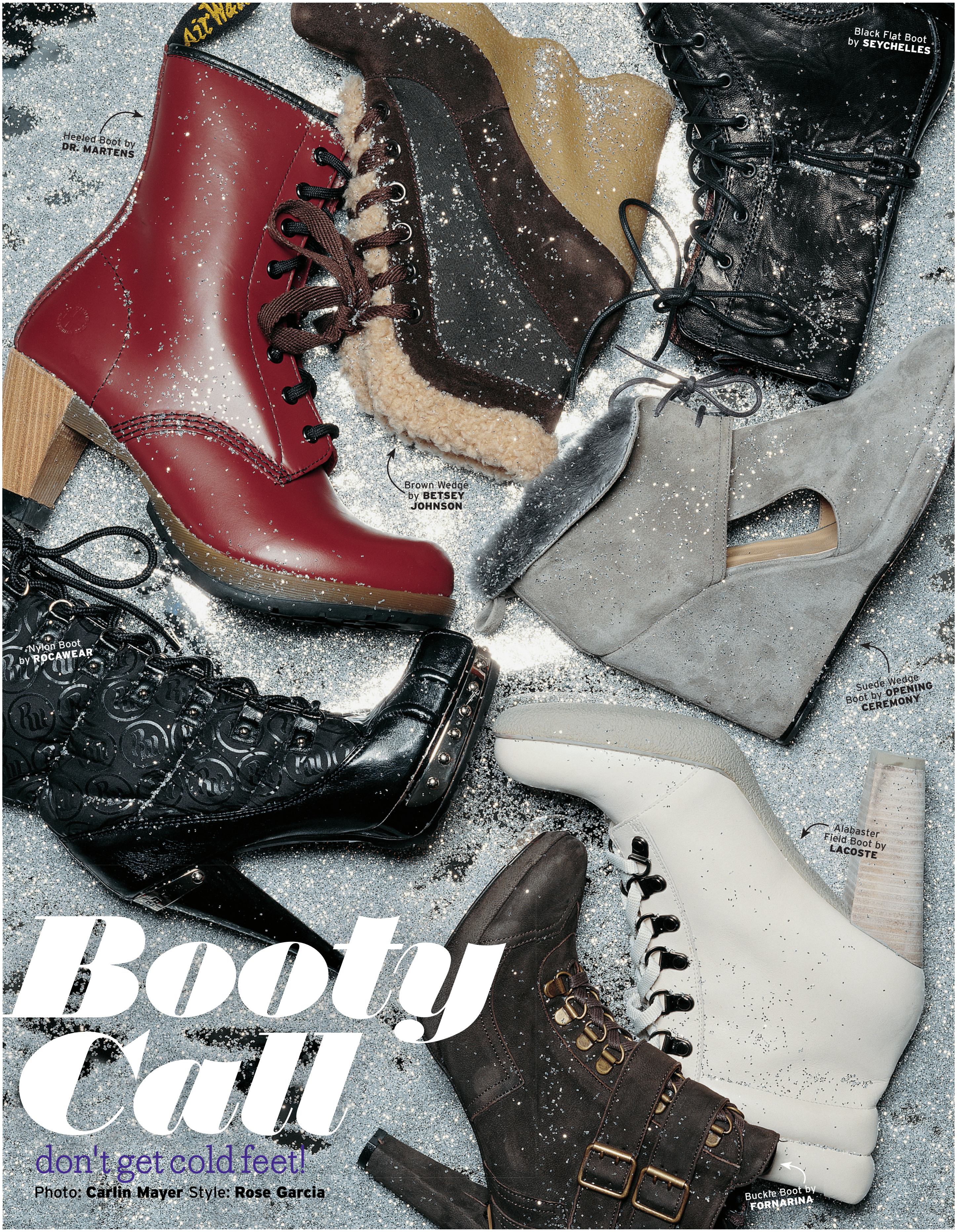
Bracelet & Chain by **Alex & Chloe,** Shorts by **Kova & T,** Boots by **Report Signature**

Model: **Pearl** @ Wilhelmina, Makeup: **Katie Wedlund**, Hair: **Kerrie Urban** using Bumble and Bumble. Shirt, dress, bag, glove, and jewelry photos: **Eduardo Juarez**

See **Buy It Now** for details on page 96.

ART, MUSIC, WINE AND
EXCLUSIVE MISSBEHAVE CONTENT
BLACKSWANWINES.COM
BLACK SWAN
MERLOT
South Eastern
AUSTRALIA
2006
Spread Your Wings

Australian Table Wine ©2008 Barossa Valley Importers, Healdsburg and Modesto, CA. All rights reserved 806BKS 122 86690.


Heeled Boot by
DR. MARTENS
Brown Wedge by **BETSEY JOHNSON**
Black Flat Boot by **SEYCHELLES**
Nylon Boot by **ROCAWEAR**
Suede Wedge Boot by **OPENING CEREMONY**
Alabaster Field Boot by **LACOSTE**
Buckle Boot by **FORNARINA**

Booty Call

don't get cold feet!

Photo: **Carlin Mayer** Style: **Rose Garcia**

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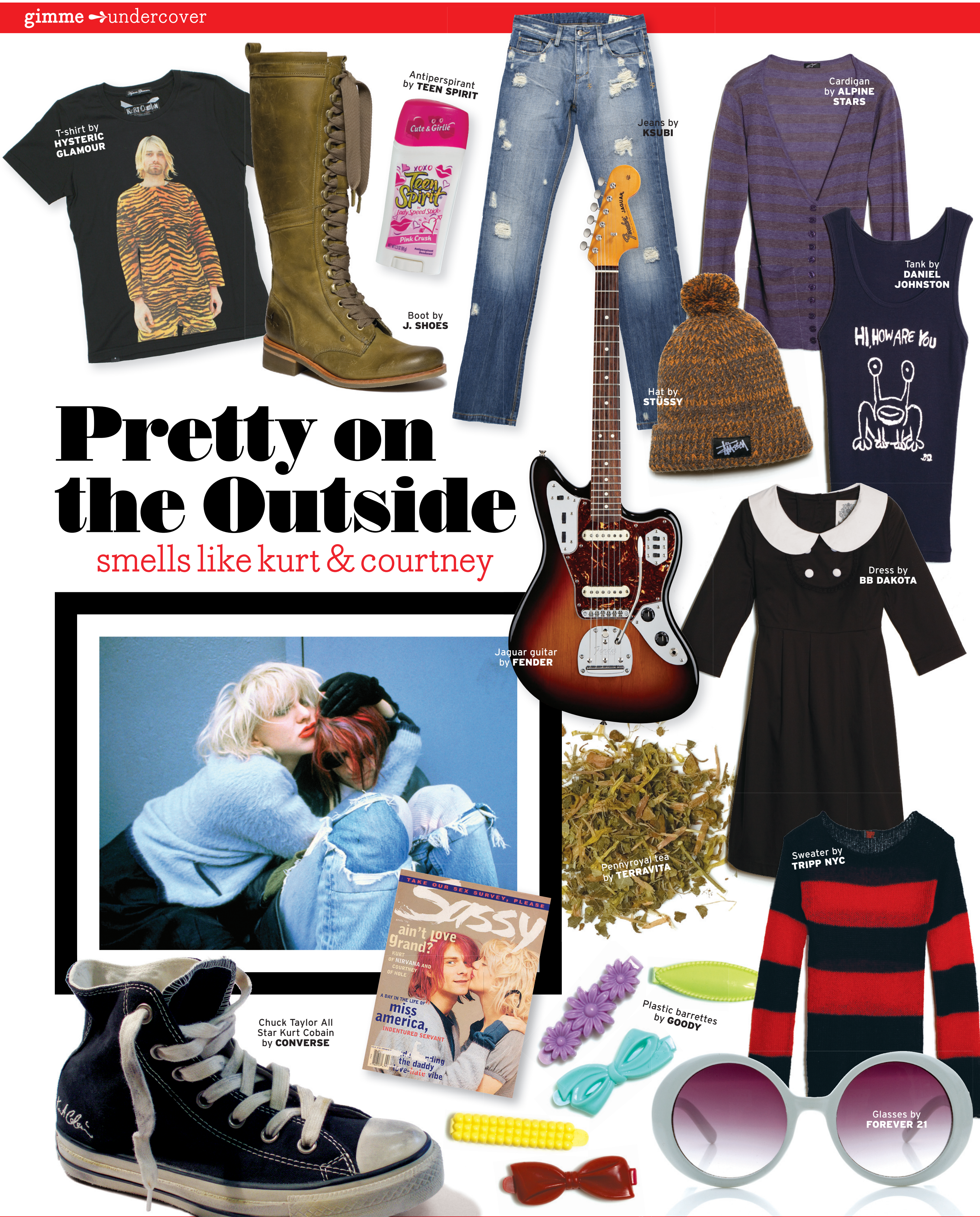
MARRIED TO THE MOB
www.mttmnyc.com

Pretty on the Outside

smells like kurt & courtney


Hi, How Are You
TAKE OUR SEX SURVEY, PLEASE
Sassy
ain't love grand?
KURT OF NIRVANA AND COURTNEY OF HOLE
A DAY IN THE LIFE OF miss america, INDENTURED SERVANT
the daddy love-hate vibe
Teen Spirit
Cute & Girlie
xoxo
Pink Crush

T-shirt by **HYSTERIC GLAMOUR**

Boot by **J. SHOES**

Antiperspirant by **TEEN SPIRIT**

Jeans by **KSUBI**

Cardigan by **ALPINE STARS**

Tank by **DANIEL JOHNSTON**

Hat by **STÜSSY**

Dress by **BB DAKOTA**

Jaguar guitar by **FENDER**

Pennyroyal tea by **TERRAVITA**

Sweater by **TRIPP NYC**

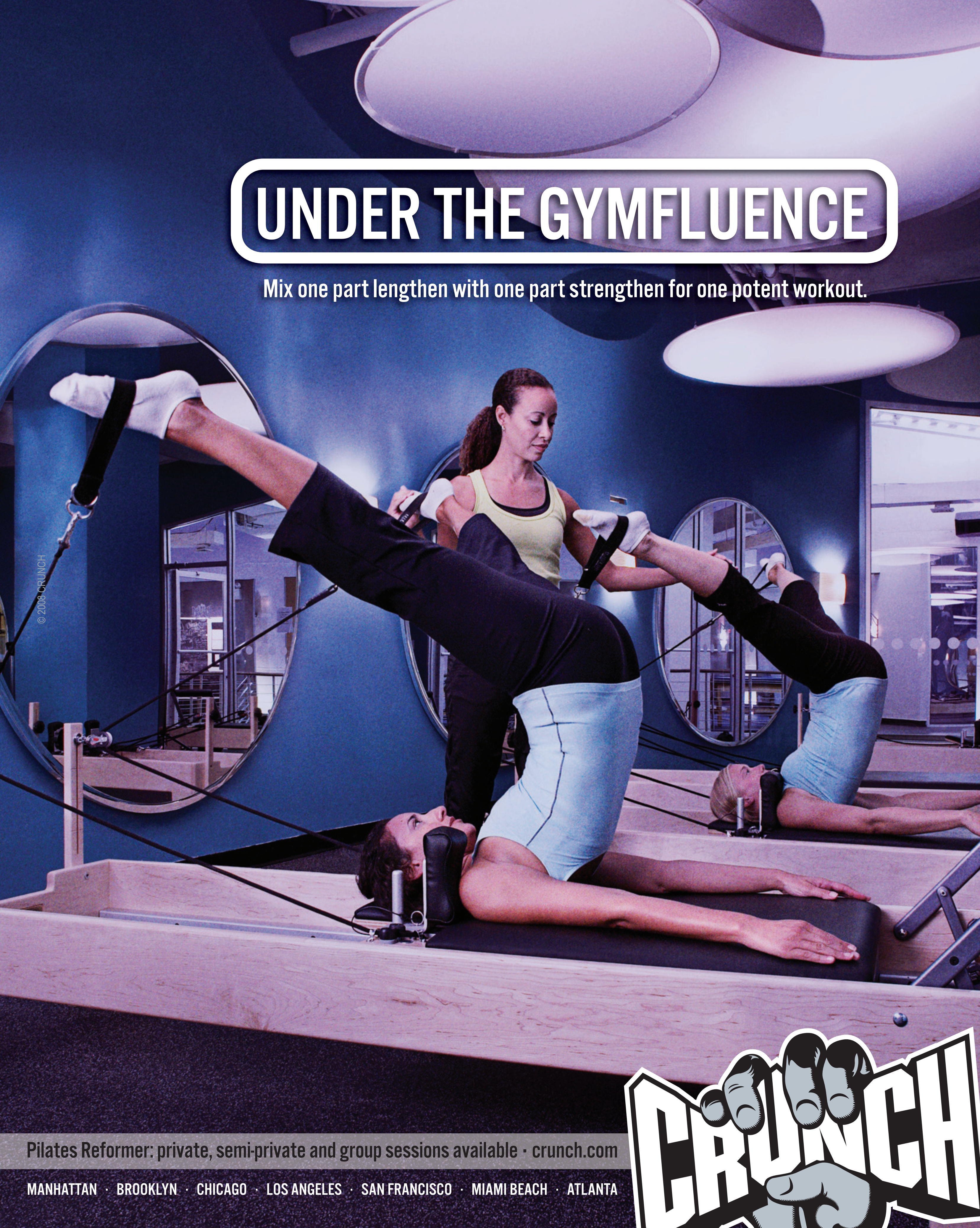
Chuck Taylor All Star Kurt Cobain by **CONVERSE**

Plastic barrettes by **GOODY**

Glasses by **FOREVER 21**

Style: **Sally Thurer**, Barrettes, glasses, tea, dress, sweater, hat and boot photos: **Eduardo Juarez**, Ksubi & Hysteric Glamour photos: **Aloharag.com**

See **Buy It Now** for details on page 96


UNDER THE GYMFLUENCE
Mix one part lengthen with one part strengthen for one potent workout.
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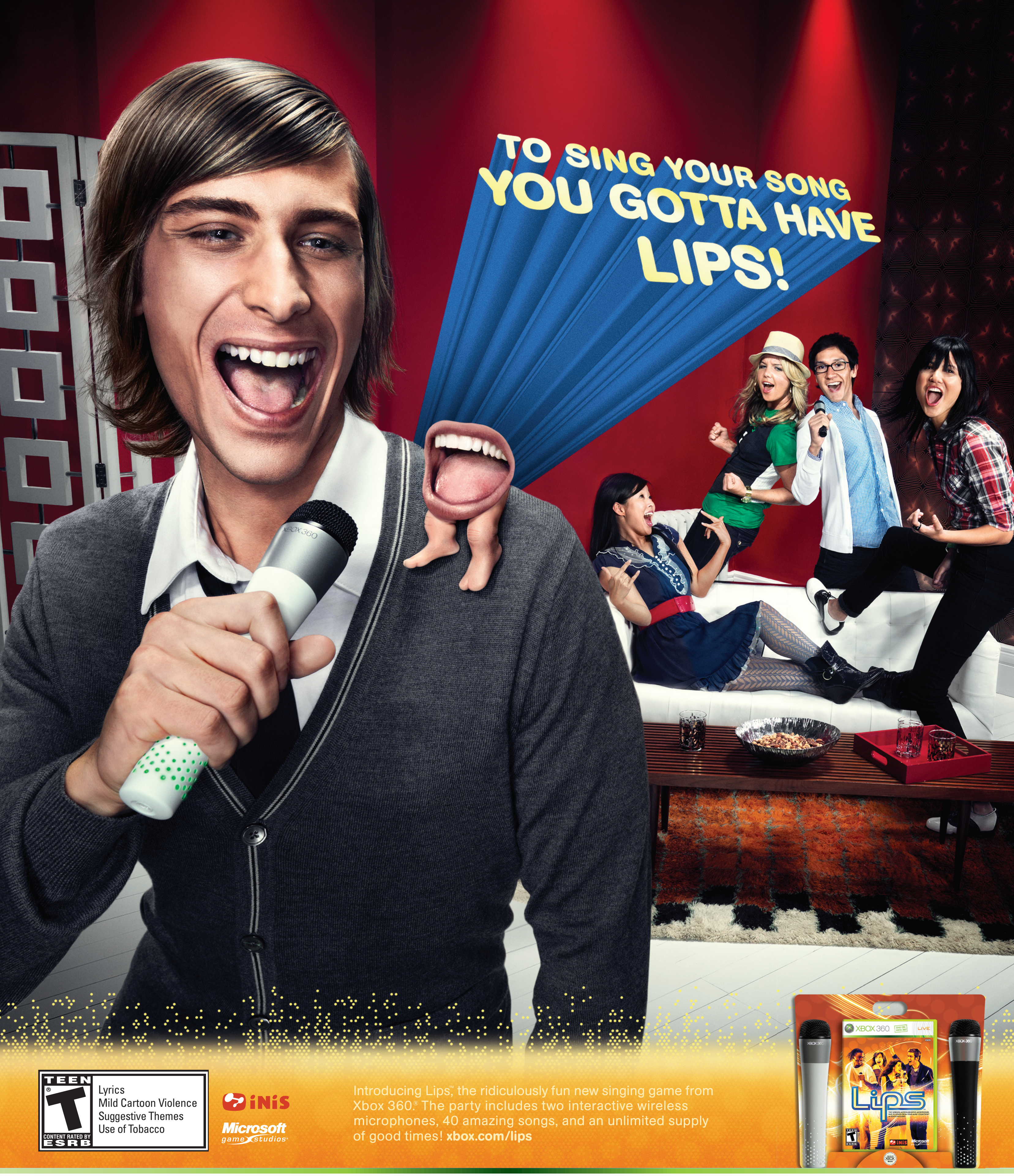
TO SING YOUR SONG
YOU GOTTA HAVE
LIPS!

TEEN
T
CONTENT RATED BY
ESRB

Lyrics
Mild Cartoon Violence
Suggestive Themes
Use of Tobacco

Introducing Lips™, the ridiculously fun new singing game from Xbox 360.® The party includes two interactive wireless microphones, 40 amazing songs, and an unlimited supply of good times! **xbox.com/lips**

Jump in.

XBOX 360®

triad this

life just got a little more primary

Photos: **Chris Shonting** Style: **Rose Garcia**

Pants by **AKADEMIKS**
Bustier by **ADAM**

Jacket by **DERÉON**

Purse by **L.A.M.B.**

T-shirt by **MARRIED TO THE MOB**

Velvet Apple belt by **NIKITA**

Sneaker by **ALIFE**

T-shirt by **AKADEMIKS**

Wallet by **CHLOÉ**

Watch by **CASIO BABY-G**

Shoe by **SHANE & SHAWN**

Bra by **JOE BOXER**
Dress by **ROCAWEAR**
Belt is stylist's own

Makeup: **Jewrel** for Jewrelmakeup, Hair: **Todor** for Bumble & Bumble, Model: **Dulce Steph Ortiz**

See **Buy It Now** for details on page 96.

On model: Dragon Girl lip pencil by **NARS**, Bordeaux nail polish by **Essie.**

Makeup: **Emi Kaneko** using NARS cosmetics, Hair: **Jordan M** for Bumble & Bumble, Nails: **Alicia Torello**, Model: **Lisa Porter** @ Q Model Management

Heigh Ho, Heigh Ho

nothing wicked this way comes

Photos: **Angela Boatwright** Editor: **Betsey McLain**

Watery Look Eyeshadow by **DIOR**

Biancho Vibrant Eye Mascara by **VINCENT LONGO**

Damn I'm Hot Mirror Mirror Gloss by **TOO FACED**

Parisian Red Lipstick by **CLINIQUE**

Poudre Cristalline Ultra-fine Translucent powder by **CHANEL**

Oui Bit of Red Nail Lacquer by **OPI**

See **Buy It Now** for details on page 96

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Who's the Fairest of Them All?

snow white, eat your heart out

Photos: **Angela Boatwright** Editor: **Betsey McLain**

Union Jack Black Polish by BUTTER LONDON
butter LONDON
3 Free

NARS
Jolie Poupee Duo Eyeshadow by NARS

BY-POPPY
Black Tie Optional Lipstick by POPPY
LIPSTICK QUEEN

On model: Jolie Poupee eye shadow & Chica Boom lip laquer by **NARS**, Licorice nail polish by **Essie**. In hair: Surf Spray by **Bumble & Bumble**. Capelet by **Sass & Bide**

Style: **Sally Thurer**, Makeup: **Emi Kaneko** using NARS cosmetics, Hair: **Jordan M** for Bumble & Bumble, Nails: **Alicia Torello**, Model: **Lisa Porter** @ Q Model Management, Special Thanks to Pia Arrobio

See **Buy It Now** for details on page 96

PASTA
AVIOLI
MIGIANA......$5.5
UFFED SHELLS
$5.50
ANICOTTI......
$5.50
a Sticks
e Soup
CanSoda
MadeMe
WWW.
MADEME
CLOTHING
.COM

Burton's Got It In The Bag

these first class ladies show you what it means to live what you love

Photos: **Alessandro Simonetti**

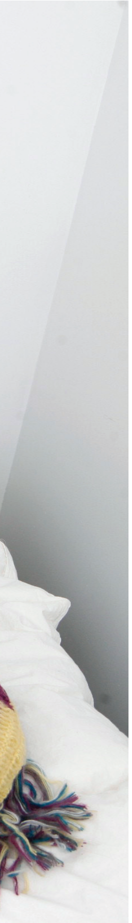
Traveling is bad ass, right? It makes you seem like you know stuff. It makes you sound cool when someone is like "Wow, Sweden must be lovely this time of year," and you get to be like, "well, duh!" Burton makes luggage that works regardless of whether or not you're getting ready to shred. Maybe you're just the type of gal who sits in the lodge, drinking hot cocoa? We can hang. Or maybe you're not even into snowboarding. Maybe you're going to a sweat lodge in Joshua Tree, or you've just decided to be a groupie and you're leaving for tour. Or maybe you're just high maintenance and you're going to a slumber party. Wherever it is you go, there's one thing to make sure of: you gotta love what you live, and live what you love. *Missbehave* picked four girls who decided that instead of sitting around and waiting for life to happen, they needed to make their own power moves, set their own schedules, and follow their own set of rules. These girls prove that living life out of a bag means absolute freedom. And this is how they roll.

Go to **missbehavemag.com** and tell us how you live what you love! Enter for the chance to win luggage and gear by Burton!

Burton Antique Ivory & Zebra Wheelie Sub Deck

SYLVIA

What's your name and age? Sylvia, and age ain't nuthin' but a numba' **What do you do?** Freelance musician and love-maker **What's the last big trip you went on?** Just got back from a week in Sao Paulo singing with a free jazz orchestra **What is the most important thing to always bring on a trip?** A good attitude and a flexible mindset **Where is one place in the world you'd like to visit before you peace out permanently?** North Korea **What are the five things someone will always find in your bag?** Makeup, keys, cell phone, drunk scribbled lyrics on various pieces of found paper, and a variety of jewelry for any given situation. **Describe what it means to live what you love:** I feel very fortunate to express and describe my feelings and get paid for it. It does take its toll but ultimately it's a good place to be. I am constantly meeting new people and this challenges me and helps me learn more about myself. I would appreciate a bit more structure and sometimes the uncertainty makes me a little insane… but that's just more fodder for writing music.



JULES KIM

What's your name and age? My name is Jules Kim and I'm 29! **What do you do?** I'm a jewelry designer and philanthropist. Ha! **What's the last big trip you went on?** Just got back last night from a three-and-a-half week Bijules European Sales Tour. I travelled to London, Paris, Berlin, and Frankfurt. **What is the most important thing to always bring on a trip?** Converter! Gotta stay charged in each country! **Where is one place in the world you'd like to visit before you peace out permanently?** Dubai. I have some clients there and would love to learn more about their ways of life and how so much richness can exist in one geographical place. **What are the five things someone will always find in your bag?** My ADD hooded sweatshirt (my purple one is walking around on someone else in Frankfurt), my StarStyling multicolored tassle bag, my Armour Beauty lipgloss in Gypsy, my Seventh Wonderland swimsuit because you never know, and my diamond-studded Bijules nail ring! **Describe what it means to live what you love:** Living what you love is the only way to be happy. As long as one strives for their best, then the pursuit is well worth the risk and struggle.

Burton True Polka Squares Wheelie Flight Deck

RADIO ROSE

What's your name and age? Radio Rose, 26 **What do you do?** I'm a Freelance Stylist, Fashion Market Editor at Missbehave magazine, DJ, and HBIC (Head Bitch In Charge) of AroundTheWayGirls.net **What's the last big trip you went on?** In 2005, I went to Mexico City for three glorious months. **What is the most important thing to always bring on a trip?** My MacBook. I call her China White. **Where is one place in the world you'd like to visit before you peace out permanently?** Abu Dhabi **What are the 5 things someone will always find in your bag?** Headphones, safety pins, granola bar, my daily planner, and lipgloss **Describe what it means to live what you love:** It means having the oppurtunity to express myself in more than one creative way.

Burton Neon Camo Wheelie Double Deck

Burton True Black Wheelie Double Deck

ALIYA NAUMOFF

What's your name? Aliya Naumoff **What do you do?** Photographer **What's the last big trip you went on?** Well this year I was in Mexico traveling thru the Yucatan (Valladolid is pretty sweet). I was in Belgium for a bit (Ghent is awesome). I did two road trips through the Southwest this year (New Mexico is really cool), and just got back from a three day photo shoot in Montauk. I can't tell which one was big, but every trip is special. **What is the most important thing to always bring on a trip?** My camera! **Where is one place in the world you'd like to visit before you peace out permanently?** Bali. I've always wanted to go there **What are the five things someone will always find in your bag?** Camera(s), Blackberry, Ipod Boombox, Yin Chiao, and mace. **Describe what it means to live what you love:** Traveling for me simulates the childlike, "eyes wide open" experience. It allows me to see everything different and new. It changes my perspective and inspires me to constantly evolve and learn.

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HELOISE & THE SAVOIR FAIRE

SHE SINGS THE BODY ELECTRIC

Heloise William's post graduation plan (much to her mother's dismay) included touring with a giant jazz band that was all "scoodly doodly", and a brief stint with (ugh) Phish. Fortunately, the lack of composition drove Heloise in a totally new direction. "I wanted something opposite—something electronic and very structured. No improvisation, no jerking off forever for hours on stage. I wanted it to be really tight, really entertaining, really sparkly, and maybe secretly intellectual." And so, in 2003, when Heloise met dancers Joe Shapard and Sara Ribidoux in Vermont, Heloise & the Savoir Faire was born. The two became the chipmunks to her Alvin—they danced and provided back-up while Heloise sang over pre-recorded tracks. Naturally, something was still missing. So a year later Heloise reluctantly added a backup band consisting of James Bellizia (guitar), Luke Hughett (drums), and on bass, Jason Cooley who was later replaced by Jason Diamond.

The band's first LP, "Trash, Rats & Microphones," dropped last spring on Elijah Wood's Simian Records. When asked about the actor, Heloise says, "My most recent joke I tell people is that he's really evil. He's really mean and abusive. Sexually abusive. But he is really just a gemstone of a human being, totally a tenderoni! Because he's an artist, he understands what it feels like to be a product." The pair met when Wood started dating Heloise's college roommate, Pamela Racine from the gypsy band Gogol Bordello. Love must be contagious, but ask this newlywed about her Vermont barnyard wedding and don't expect a straight answer: "He's some guy...some stranger. Just kidding. His name is James Bellizia… he's also the guitarist from the band." Heloise's sharp wit is articulated by randomness in real life, and lyrically, like in the song "Canadian Changs", "*There are infinite pandas/bananas/gorillas/chinchillas to play with.*" The band might be famous for their crazy-nuts stage performance and costumes scavenged from thrift stores or created/donated by designer friends Rachel Comey and Todd Thomas, but if you can't see past the glitz, you're not paying attention. They're like superheroes, be-spackled, be-caped, and bequeathed from the biggies like Kylie Minogue and Debbie Harry—who did guest vocals on the band's album (much to Heloise's surprise). "She was like, 'I would love to guest on the album! Tell me where and when!' To have that kind of person, even sporadically, in my life as a mentor honestly means the world to me." It's easy to see why they garner the attention of music heavyweights; every performance is like a triumphant and intricately choreographed power pop song, only sexier, more intelligent, and cringe-proof. You know you're witnessing something intimately huge. Get closer at myspace.com/heloiseandthesavoirfaire. ★ WORDS: **OLIVIA ALLIN** PHOTO: **DANIELLE LEVITT**

TIFFANY SHEPIS

GORE GORE GIRL

Tiffany Shepis' resume reads like the sickest coroner's scorecard imaginable. She's had a toe sawed off (*Home Sick*), her tongue cut out with scissors (*Nympha*), been raped by a demon (*Nightmare Man*), and bent into a U-shape by a pissed-off Yeti (*Abominable*). Sounds like bloody hell, right? On the contrary, Shepis, 29, touts such gore-filled money shots with pride. The more disgusting, the better. "You have to love this genre to sustain my career," she says. "Most often, you're not getting paid much and you're covered in blood, bugs, and other nasty shit…shit that I fortunately love!"

Ladies and gentleman, meet horror's modern-day "Scream Queen"; a hands-down beauty who's unafraid to get dirty. And dismembered, if duty calls. Having stolen scenes in low-budget camp such as *Death Factory*, *The Hazing*, and *Nightmare Man*, the Westchester-born, Manhattan-raised party girl has become a genre icon. She's an in-demand, six-or-so-movies-a-year workaholic who has no problem swigging cocktails with fans at conventions. Rather than a heavy metal-loving Goth chick, though, which most horror-loving gals tend to be, she's a rap music fiend who namedrops Das EFX and Nice 'N' Smooth.

As far as her appreciation of cinematic blood-and-guts, the lovefest began as a pre-teen, when her older brother's babysitting sidekicks were VHS copies of cheesy 1980's horror (*Night of the Creeps*, *Night of the Demons*). At 15, Shepis, after cutting school to attend a newspaper-advertised audition, landed her first role in 1996's Troma Entertainment-backed farce *Tromeo & Juliet*. Over 70 films later, Shepis has evolved from a mere on-screen body count addition to a feisty, wisecracking heroine. Take her "Bonnie" role in this year's high-concept *Bonnie & Clyde vs. Dracula*, where she totes a Tommy gun while deleting hordes of bloodsuckers.

Shepis, a walking horror-encyclopedia, cites 1978's brutal *I Spit on Your Grave* as a huge inspiration for her new career arch. "[The heroine] is raped like three times, but then the bitch comes back and fucks the guys up," explains Shepis, whose future includes a *Night of the Demons* remake. "I love that! Hot chicks being killed just so dudes can jerk off to it has never been my deal. I've played that in the past, of course, but now I'd much rather kick some ass!" Ghouls and guys alike, it's time to get scared. tiffany-shepis.com ★ WORDS: **MATT BARONE** PHOTO: **ROBYN SWANK**

LILY KOPPEL

FINDS HER RED (LEATHER) HERRING

When writer Lily Koppel isn't running with personal detectives in trench coats or asking psychics to predict Wall Street's future, she is nestled into her West Village loft typing her days away. Lily, 27, not only writes for our favorite Sunday hangover brunch reading material, *The New York Times*, she also recently earned the right to drop the "first book" bomb at cocktail parties.

Lily recently wrote *The Red Leather Diary* (published by Harper Collins, not to be mistaken for the tell-all, naughty, HBO series, *Red Shoe Diaries*). The book is the story of Lily's discovery of a red leather diary in an alleyway trashcan. The diary was filled with the secrets of a New York 1930's socialite, all written in loopy, dreamy, teen-girl cursive. Florence's (she wrote the diary) life was a montage of late night parties, horseback riding, art, fashion, and smooching.

"Florence was hosting a literary salon at 19 and having orgies in her parent's apartment," says Lily, "and I was like, this is wild!" The candid diary details Florence's bad girl exploration, from picking up her first cigarette to her first bi-sexual encounter with the mysterious and totally sexy Pearl. All this, happening at a time when girls practically had Kryptonite locks around their poons. Eventually, Lily hired a private detective to track down Florence. "I remember right before I met her, this feeling of 'Oh my God, have I gone too far in my voyeuristic glimpse of this woman's life?' I knew I was pretending to be Nancy Drew, but it was so much fun!" And what girl doesn't want to rock a magnifying glass and gather clues? It turns out that Florence now lives in Connecticut. "She basically married one of these eight brothers whom she met in the Catskills and described in the diary as being built like Greek gods. And her Greek god became a dentist," says Lily, with a smirk.

Even though Lily has already popped her first book outta the oven, it doesn't mean she isn't scouring the city for new leads. Of course she won't leave home without her Ray Bans, black moccasins, a diary (preferably red leather), and possibly a monocle. "The truth is, I really wanted to be a rock star, but I'm a writer because I can't sing." ★ WORDS: **MAUDE STANDISH** PHOTO: **RYAN PFLUGER**

MADE ME
TAKES MANHATTAN

Long ago, in a country far, far away, called Canada, a young girl by the name of Erin Magee stared at her Madonna posters and bopped around to "Like a Virgin" on her Walkman. She dreamed of leaving her strange country behind for a place called New York City. "I left at 17 because I'd read so much about her [Madonna's] life on the Lower East Side. I mean I didn't become a singer or anything, but that's why I came to America." Madonna is one of the main inspirations behind Erin's label MadeMe, which is why Erin is front row every time Madge comes to town. "I'm probably gonna put her kids through college," she reflects, regarding the insane amount of cash shelled out over the years. Erin also has an almost life-sized tattoo of Madonna's face—ask her to lift up her shirt sometime if you don't believe me! I met Erin at her new, virtually empty Williamsburg apartment. To curb my confusion about the move from the Lower East Side, she explains, "I fell in love." While I'm admiring her rare Brooklyn backyard, she adds, "It was for the love shit, against the Brooklyn shit." She smiles adding, "Love won!" I get the stink-eye when I admit to just waking up from a nap. While Miss Busybody-Erin was up at 6 am. She spent a couple of hours at her warehouse and then headed to Supreme until almost 8pm. After this interview, she's going to look at a retail space, then head back to the city to finish moving. Whew. "You know, Diddy only sleeps four and a half hours a night," she tells me.

Erin began her fashion career at Umbro. She quickly went from copies and coffees to heading the company's collaborations. After collaborating with Kim Jones, Umbro teamed up with Supreme. Then Supreme kidnapped her, forced her to be their production manger, and the rest is street wear history. She started MadeMe as her girly-street wear design project, a creative relief from all she was doing production-wise at Supreme. This season's MadeMe line includes leather jackets we're OBSESSED with. Grape colored, buttery soft, greaser style motorcycle jacket much? And then there's the black leather Averex-like hooded bomber (prices are around $700 for these bad boys). "This is the first time I have made a collection where I don't wanna puke when I look at it." She adds, "You know what I mean? You can only look at things so many times. But seriously, the fits, the fabrics… I am really feeling myself!" She then literally starts feeling herself by touching her boobs (JK) and adds, "Ask me next week and I will probably be puking!" There is also a collaboration with a mysterious 80's street wear brand currently in the works, "I am not saying who. I don't want to jinx myself." And there is new stuff on the way from her running collaboration with spandex queen Peggy Noland. "One: her stuff is dope. Two: I want to have a reason to call her once a week," gushes Erin, about her fashion love affair with Ms. Noland. Seems as though Erin Magee is never not working. "Once Fall is shipped, I start right on Spring!" She shrugs, "Sleep when you're rich or dead, right?" Well, maybe just dead. And before you die, spend your money at mademeclothing.com ★ WORDS: **SARAH MORRISON** PHOTO: **MARLEY KATE**

Jewelry by **Cubanni Links**, Mesh top from **Funky Fanny's**, Leggings by **MadeMe**, Boots by **Dr. Martens.** Styling: **Rose Garcia**

Hair: **Antonio Velotta**, Makeup: **Dana James**

CHRISTOPHER MINTZ-PLASSE

MORE THAN MCLOVIN IT

For all of you naysayers who thought 'McLovin' was a one-hit-wonder, pay attention, 'cause you're going to be seeing 19-year-old Christopher Mintz-Plasse's mug a lot more in the next year. When two friends went to audition for *Superbad*, Chris trailed along with a camera phone headshot and no credits to speak of and nabbed the iconic McLovin character. Plucked out of high school two months before graduation, Chris was quickly enveloped in the man-love bear hug of the Apatow fraternity. While McLovin was a nerd-turned ladies man and cop comrade, Chris denies sharing the ballsy confidence with his character. This became apparent at Comic-Con when Chris and the other actors were ambushed at a screening and panel for *Superbad*. "It was horrifying to talk in front of 7,000 people. Thank God they were all women who wanted to tell Michael (Cera) that they want his babies!"

Chris recently appeared in the sincerely hilarious flick, *Role Models*, the story of two ne'er-do-wells (Paul Rudd and Seann William Scott) who are forced to become mentors. Chris' character, Augie, is a misunderstood 16-year-old who opens up to his court mandated sarcastic big brother (Rudd) as a Medieval live action role player. I wanted to know everything about his LARPing/LAIRing adventures, but Chris played it cool, denying any interest. "I hope I don't come off as that kinda guy," (I kinda hoped he was!) "I just did it for the role. I was like fuck this, but it was a lot of fun to film. We had a blast learning those fight moves... the same guy that taught Matt Damon in the *Bourne* movies taught us those moves!" His 2009 films bring Chris into hugely divergent roles. First, Chris will reunite with producer Judd Apatow in the Bible-era flick, *Year One*. Chris is psyched to be acting with comedy OG's like Jack Black, Hank Azaria, and David Cross. "In *Superbad* we did a good amount of improv, not as much in *Year One*. Harold Ramis was pretty set on his script. I play Isaac from the bible, Frank Azaria plays Abraham and he tries to sacrifice me to God… he doesn't get away with it though." With his varied roles, Chris isn't too worried about being typecast. He's currently filming *Kick-Ass*, based on an ultra-violent Mark Millar (who also wrote *Wanted*) comic book, in which a high schooler with no powers decides to start superhero-ing. Chris plays the Lex Luthor-type character who tries to protect Kick Ass from his villainous father, "It's super violent, I'm so stoked."

Though people still call out "McLovin!" every time they see him, Chris isn't too stressed about the moniker sticking. "It's up to them. Hopefully when my next movie comes out, they'll see me as more than that." For now, he's living the good life and accumulating movie credits. "I'm so lucky that I don't have a family to feed right now. I don't have to worry about making tons of money. I can take my time with picking scripts and so far, I feel like I've been in some really awesome movies." Though Chris still lives in LA with his 'rents, it won't be long before he can get his own bachelor pad and scrap the fake ID. Then again, he'd probably be able to charm the cops if he got caught buying booze. Regardless, he sure left *Missbehave* swooning! ★ WORDS: **OLIVIA ALLIN** PHOTO: **JENNIFER ROCHOLL**

Grooming: **Stephanie Daniel** for Solo Artists

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LICK MY HEART-STRINGS

A Closer Look at Lykke Li

WORDS: **AVIVA YAEL** PHOTO: **BROOKE NIPAR**

The first time I saw Lykke Li perform was at (Le) Poisson Rouge, a newish venue tucked amongst the bridge-and-tunnel douche traps that line Bleecker Street. It was her first New York appearance since her album broke, and the show was filled with androgynous, Urban O-clad NYU students, as well as some unmarked but fairly obvious members of the press (Hi, Kurt Loder). It's not often that you see a New York crowd go gay for someone, but this was a performance that called for it. When Lykke jumped on stage, she was greeted with the typical aloof New York stares. By the third song, the irreverence turned to ogling as the crowd slowly went apeshit. Dudes were drooling, girls were mentally blogging, and Lykke was mind-raping—controlling the crowd like a master puppeteer. The vibe was crucial.

On stage, Lykke looks like a woodland creature. She sings like something that lives in an aviary and dances like she's from a coven in *Eastwick*. She conjures Bjork, James Brown, and a twelve-year-old version of herself singing in the mirror for an imaginary packed house. Sounds of foot stomping, cowbells, cymbals, and toy trumpets from the tight-as-fuck band seemed to turn the venue into a Grimm's Fairy Tale on acid. Or mushrooms. Or maybe just computer duster. She whispered through a megaphone and everyone felt stoned. Midway through the set, she slayed the crowd with Vampire Weekend's "Cape Cod Kwassa Kwassa" and managed a Nina Simone-esque rendition of A Tribe Called Quest's "Can I Kick It?" for the finale. You could see goosebumps and boners blooming in the crowd.

Makeup: **Robert Greene** @ See Management for M.A.C., Hair: **Amy Farid** @ See Management for Bumble & Bumble

Jacket by **Nolita**, Shirt by **Rojas**.
Styling by **Allison Miller**

If you haven't heard of Lykke Li, you're either jailed, hospitalized, or a resident of a commune in Berkeley that doesn't believe in technology.

If you haven't heard of Lykke Li, you're either jailed, hospitalized, or a resident of a commune in Berkeley that doesn't believe in technology. Lykke Li Timotej Zachrisson has been lauded as the youngest member of the Swedish pop invasion, but her music isn't so easily categorized. Lazy music critics have taken to calling it "hard to define", but I'll spare you the tedium of all that.

Lykke's originality can be partially credited to being raised by parents who are way cooler than ours. Her mom was in an all-girl punk band in the 80's and didn't believe in getting a job. Her father was a photographer who moved the family from Lykke's hometown of Skane (in Sweden) to Portugal, Morocco, India, and Nepal. They supported her creatively, but didn't push her in any particular direction. She tried acting, being a backup dancer, and even singing in a choir. "I've had this feeling since I was young, that I have a gift. I was struggling to find out what it was," Lykke recalls. "I experimented with so many art forms and none of them were working. I had to keep going back to the basics." As soon as she started writing songs on the piano, it started to, "feel right."

Lykke cites Little Edie Beale as one of her heroes. The parallels between the grey walls of Edie's decrepit gardens and Lykke's love songs are revealing. She describes her music as intimate, sensual, and honest. "The inspirations for my songs come from my inner voices," she says. "I get inspiration everywhere: Marlon Brando, hip-hop, junkies on the street. But the songs come from inside of me."

Her first album, *Youth Novels* (Atlantic Records), debuted in the States this past June, produced by Björn Yttling of Peter Bjorn and John. Lykke also guest-starred as the female voice when the group played their hit "Young Folks" at CMJ in 2007. Her song "Little Bit", was nominated for a Swedish Grammy—it's also that song from the Victoria's Secret commercial. You know the one; it sounds like the soundtrack to a gnome hiding.

Whenever there's an awesome new singer from a foreign country, critics always describe her as being "the Madonna of…" Like how Shakira was "The Madonna of Spain" (she started as "The Britney Spears of Spain" but Brit blew it). Lykke Li, however, is not "The Madonna of Sweden", or anywhere else. If anything, maybe Madonna is trying to be "The Lykke Li of London", but we all know that's not true. Madonna is like 500 years old. Lykke Li, on the other hand, might be immortal. Her album, *Youth Novels,* is also out now on her own label, LL Recordings (yes, she has her own label too). And she'll be touring the US next summer. We'll be there with wings on. ★

MANSION, APARTMENT, (VARIETY) SHACK, HOUSE

Getting Immature With The Whitest Kids U' Know Vs. The Variety SHAC

WORDS: **LESLEY ARFIN** PHOTOS: **TEXAS**

We first heard about the sketch group The Whitest Kids U'Know when that "Hitler Rap" was splattered all over YouTube (remember? "H-I-T-L-E-R / Drivin' down the street in a fancy car"?). They're five guys (Trevor, Sam, Zach, Darren, and Timmy) living in New York who are all hot (I'm into funny guys) and do the stupidest sketches since *Mr. Show* had a hangover at work.

At the other end of the gender spectrum, we have Variety SHAC. Four New York chicks whose names (Shonali, Heather, Andrea and Chelsea) combine to make their eponymous acronym. I'll give you another acronym: WTF? It stands for What The Fuck are you thinking by not being totally obsessed with SHAC? Besides being hot and funny, they're also wise beyond their years. This means you should put them on a pedestal immediately and secretly pray they offer you their poo in a handbag.

In a perfect world, all the members of the Whitest Kids would impregnate all the SHAC girls. They'd have the funniest, best looking babies who would grow up and change the world with their rapier-sharp wit and defined cheekbones. Alas, the world is flawed, and so we must appease our desires by getting them all to hang out in a dingy living room in Brooklyn. What did we do? Get wasted? No. Debate politics? Nay. Play MASH? Bingo! "BINGO" as in, "You guessed right" not "we played BINGO." We didn't play Bingo. Nobody without an immediate expiration date should be playing Bingo.

Which brings us to our third acronym: MASH stands for Mansion, Apartment, Shack, or House. It's the game you play when you're eleven-years-old and you wanna know your future. Turns out, you can play it at any age because you always need to know your future (except for the day before you die).

MASH is easy to play. All you need is paper, a pen, and one other person. It's pretty much just a two-person game but we flipped the script by playing group MASH. It's the same as regular MASH but instead of writing down the name of a guy you'd marry, you pluralize it and make it a group of guys, like the cast of *Entourage* instead of just Johnny Drama. Swoon.

HIGHLIGHTS

Andrea: For boys, we definitely have to put Menudo.

Chelsea: Wait, Menudo as in NOW?

After everyone blew each other's minds with their MASH boards, hilarity and dare I say flirting ensued with a short round of Dealbreakers. It's another game you already know and it sounds like this:

Sam: You've been dating a guy for a few months and you feel like you're really falling in love. Then, you find out he has two dicks. Dealbreaker?

Andrea: More like dealmaker!

Chelsea: Not for me. Too much work.

Andrea: Yeah, one in the butt and one in the puss? Not for me either. Wait, I changed my mind. It is for me.

Chelsea: How about you're dating someone you really like, and the only way they can come is if you lick their asshole.

Zach: Dealbreaker!
Chelsea: Wow… suddenly the room got really quiet.
Sam: This is just an easy way to ask us if we eat ass, but how about you're dating someone and it takes them like, 20 minutes to come every time.
Andrea: Um… that's like, life.
Sam: How about if you find out your crush has zero body hair? She wears a wig and even a pube wig.
Zach: NOT a dealbreaker.

New York comedy is at some magical new epoch right now, the likes of which we haven't seen since John Belushi was passed out on Avenue A and let cars run over him. So thank you, Whitest Kids and SHAC girls, for trying to keep that spirit alive! The Whitest Kids U' Know have a show on IFC. The 3rd season premieres in early 2009. The Variety SHAC appears monthly in New York City with stand up, music, and videos. You can check out the goods at varietyshac.com. Sketch comedy or porn? I know my answer. ★

Boys 4 Girls	*M*	*A*	*S*	*H*	*Wild Card*
BOY GROUPS	~~Menudo~~ Jonas Bros.	Intervention Cast	Souls of Mischief	Calvin Klein Male Models	WKUK
PLACE TO LIVE	Hawaii	Trump Tower	Oakland	Greece	Timmy's House
CAREERS	Florists	Singing Sensations	Dancers	Trust Funders	Timmy's Wives
CAR	Mazaradi	Convertible Jag	VW Van	Motor Home	Timmy
CELEB BFFS	Alan Thicke	Wendy Williams	Johnny Depp	Joy Behar	Timmy

Girls 4 Boys	*M*	*A*	*S*	*H*	*Wild Card*
GIRL GROUPS	Variety SHAC	Surviving First Ladies	Mormon girls booted out of compound	How's Your News Girls	Cher, Streisand, Midler, Parton, Bernie Peters
PLACE TO LIVE	24 Hour Diner	The Rich Part of Heaven	Boob Planet	San Francisco in Middle Ages	Akron, Ohio
CAREERS	Snipers	Presidents	Latin Fashion Models	Space Station Architects/ Quantum Leapers	Priests
CAR	Batmobile 1989	Herbie	Kit	Optimus Prime	Go Cart
CELEB BFFS	Lieve Schreiber	Jared (The Subway Guy)	Robbie Williams	Martin Luther King Senior	Whoopi

Missbehave's A to Z guide to:

FAKING IT

We Are Poseurs & We Don't Care!

WORDS: **LESLEY ARFIN** & **OLIVIA ALLIN**
PHOTOS: **STEPHEN K. SCHUSTER**

What's the difference between faking and lying? Actions speak louder than words is the difference. So while lies are all talk, faking it is all action. You can lie yourself into a shame spiral, but there's nothing wrong with being savvy enough to fake your way into the V.I.P. room. You can't lie and expect it come true, but you can totally fake it until it does! Do you think the chemicals in your brain know the difference between fake Chanel and real? They don't. When you fake what you really want, you get to have a psychic change. Your brain starts to believe it. The people around you start to believe it. And after that, *you* even start to believe it! It's like *The Secret*, except funnier. There are wrong ways to fake stuff (see Racism) and right ways (see Marijuana). This guide is made specifically to help you differentiate between the two.

Age: Right off the bat, we realize that many people lie about their age. You can fake like you're younger or older without making a verbal contract. Get a fake ID. Use SPF 80 every day. Make sure all your cultural references are up to par with the age group you're trying to get in with. Yes, you remember *The Electric Company.* No, you didn't vote for Clinton—you were too young. Like that.

Barnard: You can say you went to Columbia but let's be real: you went to Barnard. We're pretty sure that's not Ivy League. Neither is Brown College. We realize Brown University is Ivy League, but "Brown College" is not. Brown College is in Minnesota. It's where this article is on the syllabus for every class.

Closeted Straight Person: For years, people thought you were a lesbian, but really you were fake-gay. You were a "Fay". The truth is you felt shitty about your looks and thought it would be easier to commit to overalls and short hair and be angry and get into Riot Grrl bands. You figured it would be easier to be a chick that fucks other chicks because girls care about personality and feelings and emotions more than looks. Turns out, that's not true.

Dying your hair: This is the most obvious go-to for fakers, because it is *literally* fake. If you dye your hair blonde, you're faking that you're hot. If you dye your hair black, you're faking that you don't have grey hair or that you're Goth—and if you are Goth, you're just faking that you're interesting. If you dye your hair red, you're faking out guys (AKA tricking them into having sex with you). If you dye your hair any kind of primary color or shade, you're faking out the world by breaking the rules!!

Entrepreneur: My friend Chelsea was talking to a strange guy at a coffee shop, when the subject of what they both did for a living came up. He starts telling her that he owns his own business, and that he's a painter, an actor, an inventor, a DJ… you get the idea. The longer your resume is, the less qualified you seem. If you want to fake like you're important, stick to lying about *one* career. Make it have something to do with a hedge fund. No one knows what that is, but it sounds fancy.

Footwear: If you're poor and want to seem rich, invest in really nice shoes. Make sure the label is classic and well known and if they get some wear and tear, take them to the cobbler to get them fixed. Or you can just paint the Chanel logo on all your Payless shoes. Some of them might pass?

Model: **Krysta-ayne** Location: **Ella**

Friends: For every real friend, there are five fake ones. You have to be careful about fake friends, because they multiply like Mogwai in water. Having a fake friend isn't always mean-spirited, as sometimes it's necessary to be nice to a real friend's friend. Even if she won't stop playing the bongos or reading her slam poetry and you hate her with a burning passion, you still have to fake-friend her for a bit. You also have to play nice with someone who could influence your future (like a business acquaintance or a potential cat-sitter). In fact, we at *Missbehave* are slowly coming to realize we probably have more fake friends than real ones... including each other.

Gucci: Fake Gucci bags are okay. Fake Gucci belts are awesome. Buy them on Canal Street. Any other fake label can be borderline cheesy, but for some reason we think Gucci is okay. Maybe it's because the label itself is cheesy to begin with. Goyard is epicly later'd, which is how you say something is "played out" if you want to be down with the streets.

Home, sick: Getting out of work is totally necessary sometimes, like when you just want to bail and go sightseeing with your friend Ferris Bueller. Faking you're sick to get out of work is easy… if you don't fuck it up. If you do fuck it up, it's kind of like you want to get caught. Don't ever lie and say you have food poisoning. Food poisoning sucks so hard that when you lie about it, it makes the rest of us who aren't lying look bad. If you really need to fake out the office, go with an ear infection. It's painful, slightly gross, and possibly contagious; the trifecta of good excuses. Don't say someone died (you'll go to hell) and don't say you have the flu (your co-workers will start thinking they may have caught it, and power of suggestion is so strong that they might actually get it, and then you'll go to hell). Period cramps are a pussy excuse, but if you have a male boss, just make sure to say "vagina". Guys hate the word vagina.

"I'm sooo broke": Only people who have money talk about how broke they are. Real broke people gross you out by being overly excited about getting a paycheck. Fake broke people whine, "I have no money!", which, we all know means "I have no money… until I go to the ATM". It doesn't make you sound like you're slumming it, so if you're going for that look, don't wear a fucking Debbie Gibson hat and pink jeans from American Apparel and talk about how you have no money. Instead, try to be as irony-free as you can. We know it's hard. Shop at Rainbow, work at Burger King, and always use your change when you pay. You get bonus points if you score food stamps.

Jailtime: If you want people to think you're hard, you can do like James Frey and fake jailtime. Unless you're writing a tell-all memoir that gets translated into 10 different languages and Oprah's giving you the rub, chances are no one will find out the truth. It can also be something you exaggerate. For example when I was sixteen I got arrested for shoplifting and they took me to mall-jail. I usually just say, "I was in jail." It's a stretch, but at least I get street cred.

Fake broke people whine, "I have no money!" which we all know means "I have no money...until I go to the ATM."

Kissing: It's harder to fake then sex. If someone intends to kiss you and you're pretending to be in love because said dude is taking you on an all expense paid trip to Acapulco, then you're gonna have to fake-enjoy his kisses. Fake-kiss him right after eating a breath mint so that you won't have to taste him too much. If possible, do a coke numbie. The numbness will allow him to play with your flaccid tongue like it's a dead fish in your mouth. Or just tell him you have a cold sore and don't want to give him mouth herpes. Actually, don't tell him that. That'll be a surprise.

Lube It Up: Lube it up in the bathroom secretly if you can't get your pussy wet. With enough lube, you won't feel a thing AND he'll think you like him, which is all that really matters since it's all about control. The secret-lubing usually comes right after the fake-kissing. And right before the fake marriage and the real divorce.

Marijuana: Drop a marijuana reference and you're automatically cool. It's gone full circle irony so that even if you are JK, it still sounds cool. "Hey it's 4:19…got a minute?" That's cool. "What's up Burnt Reynolds?" Now you're talking. Drop words like gravity bong, vaporizer, chillum, and maybe something that has to do with Amsterdam. Avoid phrases that include Mary Jane, Legalize it, "wacky tobacky", mara-Jew-wanna… (that might be cool. I'm so stoned right now I can't even tell).

Nails: Manicured nails make you look fancier. If you've got enough money to drop on weekly manicures, you're obviously "making it." If you're ambidextrous and can do it yourself, even better, cause then you can spend money on other expensive things that last more than um… a day.

Orgasms: Sometimes you won't care about getting yours. Maybe it's just not happening and you're over it. Or maybe you're tired, your pussy is sore, you want a burger, *Mad Men* is on, etc… The way to fake an orgasm is to seem hornier than you are; so when you're all "Ooooh oooh I'm gonna come! I'm coming! Don't stop!" the guy gets so turned on he'll explode like an illegal firecracker in the hands of a 14-year-old. Don't lie all the time though, dude will start thinking it's easy to have vaginal orgasms, you'll ruin the bar for every other girl out there and said asshole will think his penis is made of magic. It's not.

Pretending not to be a little bit racist: Avoiding the topic alltogether usually means you are a lot racist and feel so ashamed that you refuse to talk about it. Race is such a big deal in this country that it's virtually

CONTINUED ON PAGE 88 →

Facing page: Shorts by **Dawn Sharp**, Shoes by **Dries Van Noten**, Vintage crown & shirt are Chloë's own. See **Buy It Now** for details on page 96.

Stylists: **Erin Hirsch** and **Ingrid Allen** @ Magnet, Makeup: **Robin Black** @ Frank Reps using M.A.C., Hair: **Clyde Haygood** @ Margaret Maldonado, Photo Assistant: **Eric Macklin**, Production: **Jamie McPhee**

Concrete Blonde

Under The Banner of Chloë Sevigny

Words by Mark Jacobs
Photos by Kennth Cappello

Swimsuit by **Dawn Sharp**, Glasses by **Moscot**, Vintage pelt is stylist's own. See **Buy It Now** for details on page 96.

Vintage top by **Vivienne Westwood**, Leggings by **Future Classics** available at Satine, Shoes by **Giuseppi Zanotti**. See **Buy It Now** for details on page 96.

> *“I think it was the acid. It made me fall in love with the Earth and not wear shoes.”*

Chloë Sevigny is what you might get if you turned former *Total Request Live* host and *Entertainment Tonight* correspondent Vanessa Minnillo inside out like a hand puppet. She grew up in suburban Connecticut, moved to New York City, worked at X-Girl, interned at *Sassy*, was profiled in *The New Yorker*, made her acting debut in *Kids*, and is currently an Oscar-nominated star of the HBO polygamy drama *Big Love*. Chloë is recognized over and over again for her great taste and for her "cool" (whatever that means). She had blond eyebrows in *Gummo*, used to wear a denim jumpsuit by Jennifer Lopez, let Versace fly her to Milan to hang out in sequined figure skater mini dresses, posed nude in boots for the look book of her one-off collection Chloë Sevigny for Opening Ceremony, chose a Holly Harp prairie dress for an Academy Awards ceremony, and had already been working on *Big Love* for years before the news agencies released photos of the raid on the polygamist Yearning for Zion Ranch in Texas, which looked like something out of *Italian Vogue*. It only seems appropriate that Chloë doesn't like butterflies. "Even though they're beautiful, when they're fluttering around my head it really freaks me out," she says. I'm so into her.

Shooting the new season of *Big Love*, which begins airing in January, has been particularly grueling for Chloë. Her scene-stealing role as second wife Nicki Grant has become meatier, with extra lying and cheating. "I'm kind of the punching bag of the season," she says. "They're promising me that I'll be redeemed in the final episode but I've yet to read it. They won't give us the script, because, after a table read for Episode 8, someone leaked plot points to E! Online." In her trailer outside of the soundstages in Santa Clarita, California, where she shoots *Big Love*, Chloë has hung pictures of Liza Minnelli, the 2008 Olympic all-around gymnastics gold medalist Nastia Liukin, a Mormon woman holding two babies, Hasbro's design for the 2009 re-launch of Strawberry Shortcake as a curvier, Bratz-like thing ("Not at all like the Strawberry Shortcake of yesterday"), and a clip about an auction of Yves Saint Laurent's art collection ("It would be nice to have something of his"). During our conversation, Chloë is sweet and funny and up for talking about whatever. She wouldn't mind growing up to be like Anjelica Huston. *Dances with Wolves* makes her cry. And she is still finding her way.

> ***"I don't think I was ever a regular girl. Whatever that is."***

Cardigan by **Spring & Clifton**, Bikini top by **Dawn Sharp**, Panties by **Coco de Mer**, Shoes by **Dries Van Noten**, Ring by **Swarovski**. See **Buy It Now** for details on page 96.

What did you think of the looks of the women living on the polygamist ranch in Texas? I love any sort of uniform that religious people take on, be it the Amish or the Hasidic. You know those women started selling dresses online? Our costume department bought a bunch and the fabrics are horrible. They're really ugly in person. It's the thickest polyester you've ever seen in your life. My character isn't that extreme, obviously, but I am very covered up, so whenever I come to the set in short shorts it's like I'm walking around naked. I was so happy about their hairdos because everybody always asks me, 'Why do you have that horrible hair on the show?' And I say, 'You don't know, that's how they all wear their hair!' Nobody believes me.

What do you think of doing television? In general, I've really enjoyed it. I've never done network television except for one episode of *Will & Grace*, which I found frightening. Everyone was so *on*. The jokes were so broad and I was never that kind of actress so it was difficult for me. But *Big Love* has been the best experience.

Do you think actors are weird? I generally don't fraternize with many actors. I only have one actor friend, Natasha Lyonne, and she's out of the ordinary. But I think most actors are crazy, neurotic, insane people, so I try to avoid hanging out with them. Most actors are pretty self-obsessed.

What do you like that's corny? Not cool corny, but actually corny? For example, the Broadway musical *Mamma Mia!* is corny, not cool corny. I don't know what I like that's corny. I can't think of anything off of the top of my head.

Do you like the Indigo Girls? I never liked the Indigo Girls.

Not even "Galileo"? Uh, I don't think I'm familiar with that song.

Do you ever make deliberately contrary style choices because it's fun or interesting or challenging? No. I'm a huge fashion fan. I'm very aware of what's happening in the fashion world, and I'm a fan of so many designers. I have worn designers that I think might need help, but never anything contrary. I've made some brave choices, people say, but maybe it's just something that I like that's fashion-forward and people don't understand it. But it's not on purpose. It's never really something I've thought out.

So there is not a lot of irony. It's just what you actually think is beautiful? Yeah.

How has your style changed as you get older? In my personal style, at least in my day-to-day wear, I've wanted to draw less attention to myself. I think when I was younger I wore more outlandish outfits, maybe seeking some sort of attention perhaps, but now I'd like to blend a little more.

How about when you have to go to events? You've seemed more polished recently, more accessible. That's me trying to play the Hollywood game a little bit, to be honest! [laughs] Those pictures are around forever, so I want to have more of a classic or timeless look.

Do the Hollywood kids get what's amazing about you? Did they get you on the *Will & Grace* set? I'm sure there was a reason they asked you to be on the show. Yeah, but Edie Falco was guest starring in the same episode and I think she kind of stole my thunder a little bit. [laughs]

Is the counterculture important to you? I think so. It's something that I've always sort of been a part of and something that I want to maintain, to have a foot in that world.

It's interesting to see how counterculture continues to be a part of our lives as we get older. Even if you're not a teenager or a twentysomething any longer, there's still a real connection to it. Thank goodness.

Do you feel like an adult? Or are you not constrained by those categories? I don't feel like an adult yet, but I definitely don't feel like a teenager. When I go out and I see more and more young kids, I feel like I don't want to be the old lady in the room. I don't think half of them even know who I am, probably.

Seriously? I don't know! [laughs] Not to be totally vain, but I would hope that maybe I had some sort of impact on their lives in some small way.

What movies make you cry? I saw this movie last year with Charlotte Gainsbourg called *The Golden Door* that made me cry a lot. It was an immigration story about a family from Italy coming to America.

What's your favorite comedy? *Being There* by Hal Ashby. I like the subtle humor, the music, the way it was shot, the performances, the overall concept of this guy being mistaken for somebody that he isn't. I love all of Hal Ashby's movies, he's one of my favorite directors.

Do you like anything pop? All of your references are really impressive and I just want you to like an Indigo Girls song. [laughs] I go to see lots of pop movies like *Forgetting Sarah Marshall* and the other stupid comedies. I think they're funny and escapist but I don't listen to any pop music. I don't think I've bought a pop record in I don't know how many years. Other than an R. Kelly record or something. [pause] I like Christina Aguilera.

Which period of Christina Aguilera? Like the "Beautiful" song. Is that corny? That makes me cry a little.

It's a really beautiful song. And I did like that Fergie song where she talks about crying.

"Big Girls Don't Cry"? [laughs] Yes! I ran into her recently and she came up to me and told me she has a girl-crush on me and she was like two feet tall and had a lot of makeup on but seemed really sweet.

What did you say when Fergie told you she had a girl crush on you? I was like, "No, you've got to be kidding." And she was like, "I do!" And was really flirty. And I was like, "I'm flattered."

Where were you? I was at a Cartier event in Bel Air. And I sat next to Joel Madden and Nicole Richie. I kept trying to engage Nicole, but she was just pushing her food around her plate and drinking a diet soda and wouldn't really engage me. But Joel's very nice.

I like Nicole. I think she's really funny. I do too! I always admire people who are really witty because I feel like I don't have a very quick wit and so I really wanted to engage her. Plus we're sitting at a dinner table and everyone's really stiff and you want to laugh a little. But she wouldn't give me anything! I was so disappointed.

It sounds like you might not take Hollywood events too seriously. I don't. And usually I get to bring friends but that night I couldn't find anybody who wanted to go, and I don't have many friends in Los Angeles to begin with and most of them are gay boys. I try to have fun at those events but I mean, what are we doing there, really? At the charity ones it's obvious, but otherwise I don't know.

What role have you always wanted to play? I'd like to do a period piece, some sort of tortured woman. I wanted to play Sylvia Plath forever, but Gwyneth did that. Maybe Zelda Fitzgerald or Jane Bowles?

Do you want to have a family? I definitely want a family.

What does that mean to you? I want to have my own little unit. I think having a child is something I naturally have the desire to do. As a woman I feel it. Strongly.

When would this happen? I would hope before I'm 38, in the next four years or so. Because I would not want to have to do it with help, you know drugs or whatnot. You never know.

What baby names do you like? I like Lula, like Carson McCullers the author, whose real name is Lula Carson Smith. I also like Frances. But Courtney Love already called her kid Frances. I like Sylvia, too. **CONTINUED ON PAGE 89 →**

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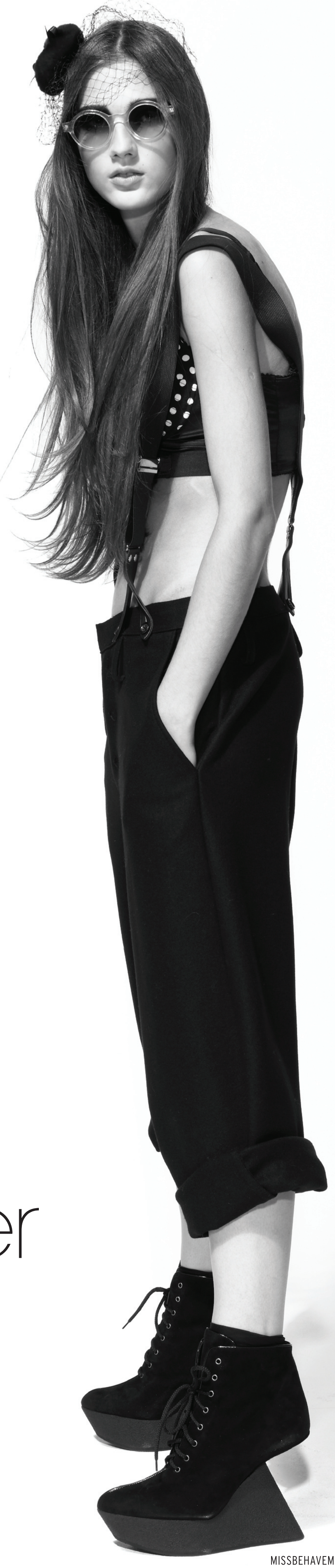
This page: Shirt by **Blaak**, Flowers by **Lemarié**. *Facing page:* Sunglasses by **Marni**, Tank by **Phi**, Pants & suspenders by **Yohji Yamamoto**, Shoes by **Walter Steiger**, Headpiece by **Lemarié**. See **Buy It Now** for details on page 96.

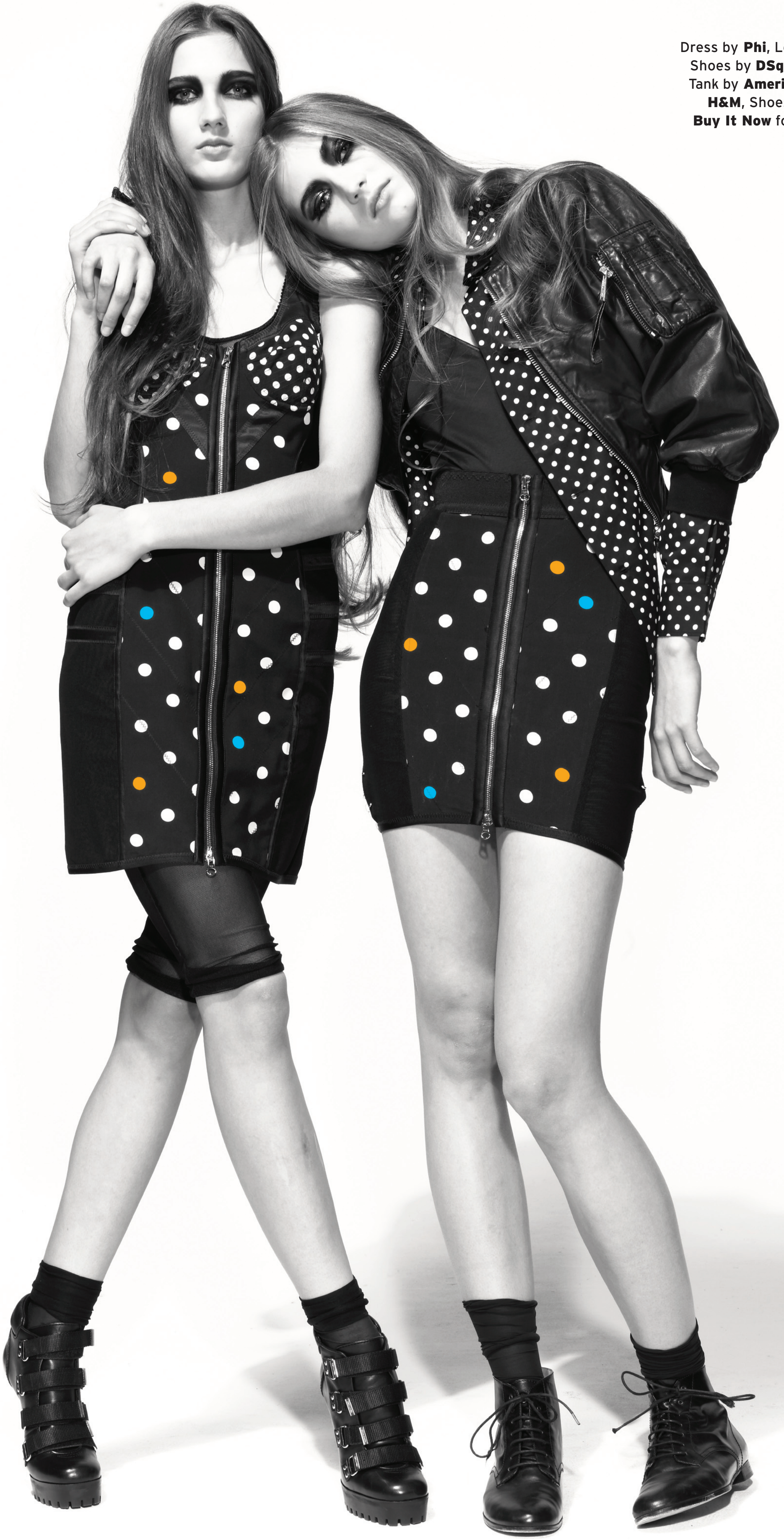
Circle Circle Dot Dot

Black & White & Round All Over



Photos by Estelle Rancurel
Styling by Sébastien Cambos

Makeup: **Alexandra Rouger**, Hair: **Stephanie Farouze**, Models: **Anna Porzuzec** @ Elite Paris, **Ana Gilca** @ Metropolitan, Photo Assistant: **Laurent Pascot**, Digital Assistant: **Regis Houzet**

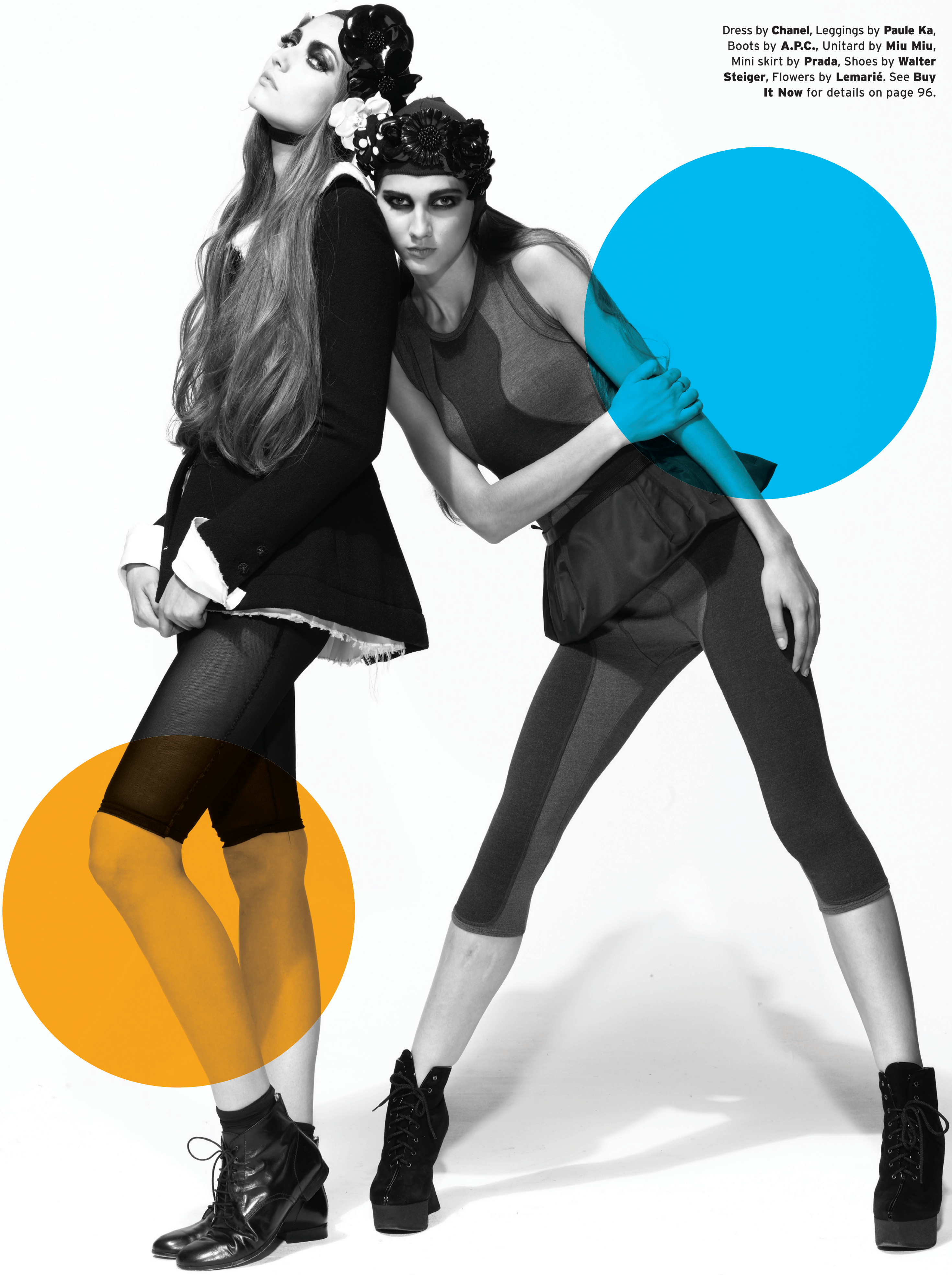


Dress by **Phi**, Leggings by **Paule Ka**, Shoes by **DSquared2**, Skirt by **Phi**, Tank by **American Apparel**, Shirt by **H&M**, Shoes by **DSquared2**. See **Buy It Now** for details on page 96.

Sweater by **Top Shop**. See **Buy It Now** for details on page 96.

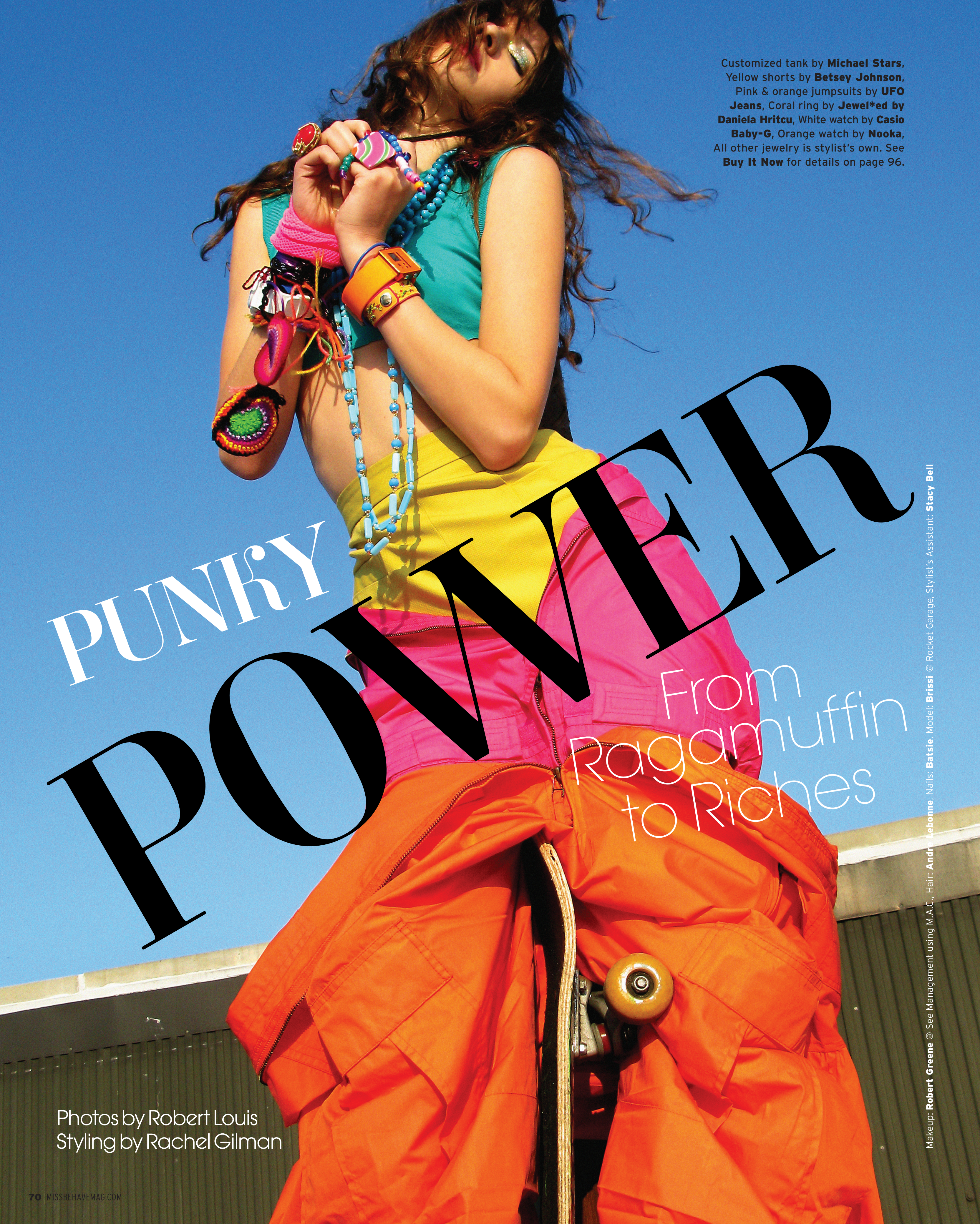
Jacket by **Limi Feu**, Shirt by **Stine Goya**, Panties by **Playtex**, Headband by **Marni**. See **Buy It Now** for details on page 96.

Bra & dress by **Phi**, Flowers by **Lemarié**. See **Buy It Now** for details on page 96.



Dress by **Chanel**, Leggings by **Paule Ka**, Boots by **A.P.C.**, Unitard by **Miu Miu**, Mini skirt by **Prada**, Shoes by **Walter Steiger**, Flowers by **Lemarié**. See **Buy It Now** for details on page 96.

Headband by **Marni**, Shirt by **H&M**.
See **Buy It Now** for details on page 96.



PUNKY POWER

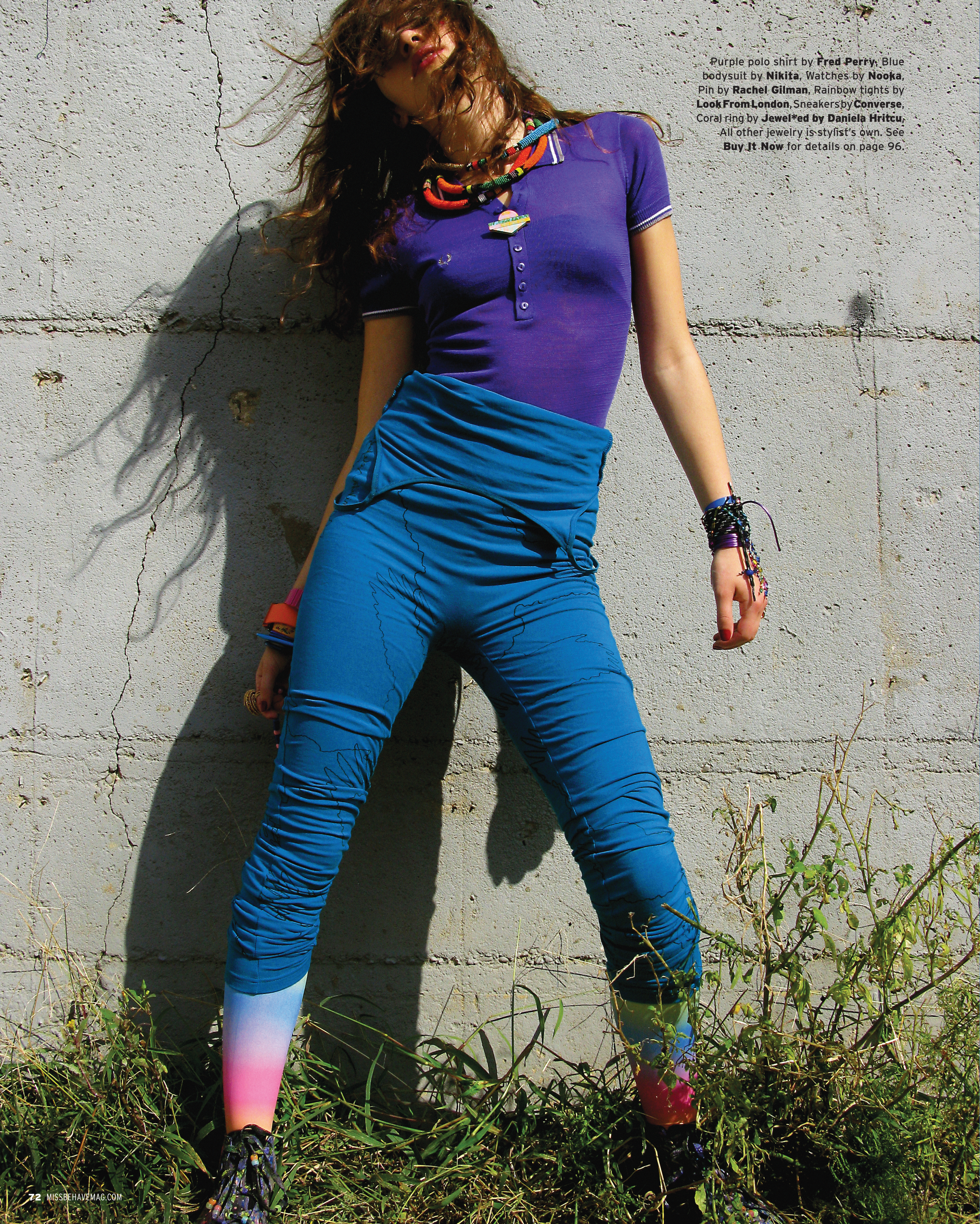
From Ragamuffin to Riches

Customized tank by **Michael Stars**, Yellow shorts by **Betsey Johnson**, Pink & orange jumpsuits by **UFO Jeans**, Coral ring by **Jewel*ed by Daniela Hritcu**, White watch by **Casio Baby-G**, Orange watch by **Nooka**, All other jewelry is stylist's own. See **Buy It Now** for details on page 96.

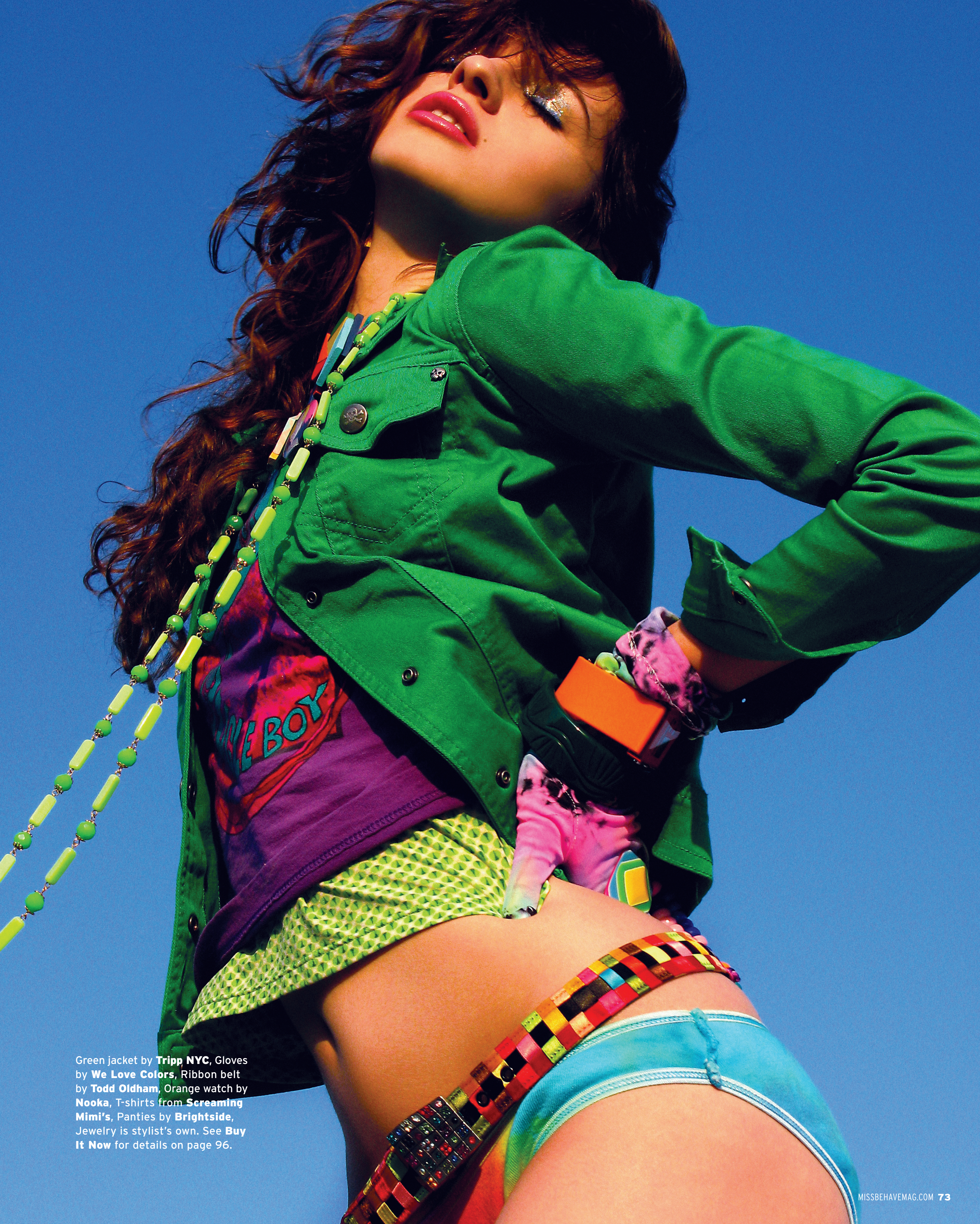
Photos by Robert Louis
Styling by Rachel Gilman

Makeup: **Robert Greene** @ See Management using M.A.C., Hair: **Andre Lebonne**, Nails: **Batsie**, Model: **Brissi** @ Rocket Garage, Stylist's Assistant: **Stacy Bell**

Red satin jacket by **Burton**, Bikini top by **H&M**, Black garter belt by **Victoria's Secret**, Necklace by **Rachel Gilman**, Cut-off tee by **Mandy Black**, Tights from **The Sock Man**, Hippie ring by **Jewel*ed by Daniela Hritcu**, All other jewelry is stylist's own. See **Buy It Now** for details on page 96.



Purple polo shirt by **Fred Perry**, Blue bodysuit by **Nikita**, Watches by **Nooka**, Pin by **Rachel Gilman**, Rainbow tights by **Look From London**, Sneakers by **Converse**, Coral ring by **Jewel*ed by Daniela Hritcu**, All other jewelry is stylist's own. See **Buy It Now** for details on page 96.



Green jacket by **Tripp NYC**, Gloves by **We Love Colors**, Ribbon belt by **Todd Oldham**, Orange watch by **Nooka**, T-shirts from **Screaming Mimi's**, Panties by **Brightside**, Jewelry is stylist's own. See **Buy It Now** for details on page 96.

Yellow plaid shirt by **Rocawear**, Brown sequin hoodie by **Deréon**, Yellow belt by **Jenny Yuen**, Ribbon belt by **Todd Oldham**, Watch by **Casio Baby-G**, Turquoise & onyx ring by **Jewel*ed by Daniela Hritcu**, Panties by **Brightside**, Other jewelry is stylist's own. See **Buy It Now** for details on page 96.

Tank by **Insight**, Bleach jeans by **Vans**, Sneakers by **Converse**, Watches by **Nooka**, Red coral ring by **Jewel*ed by Daniela Hritcu**, All other jewelry & accessories are stylist's own. See **Buy It Now** for details on page 96.

Headband by **Tarina Tarantino**, Coat by **Rocawear**.
See **Buy It Now** for details on page 96.

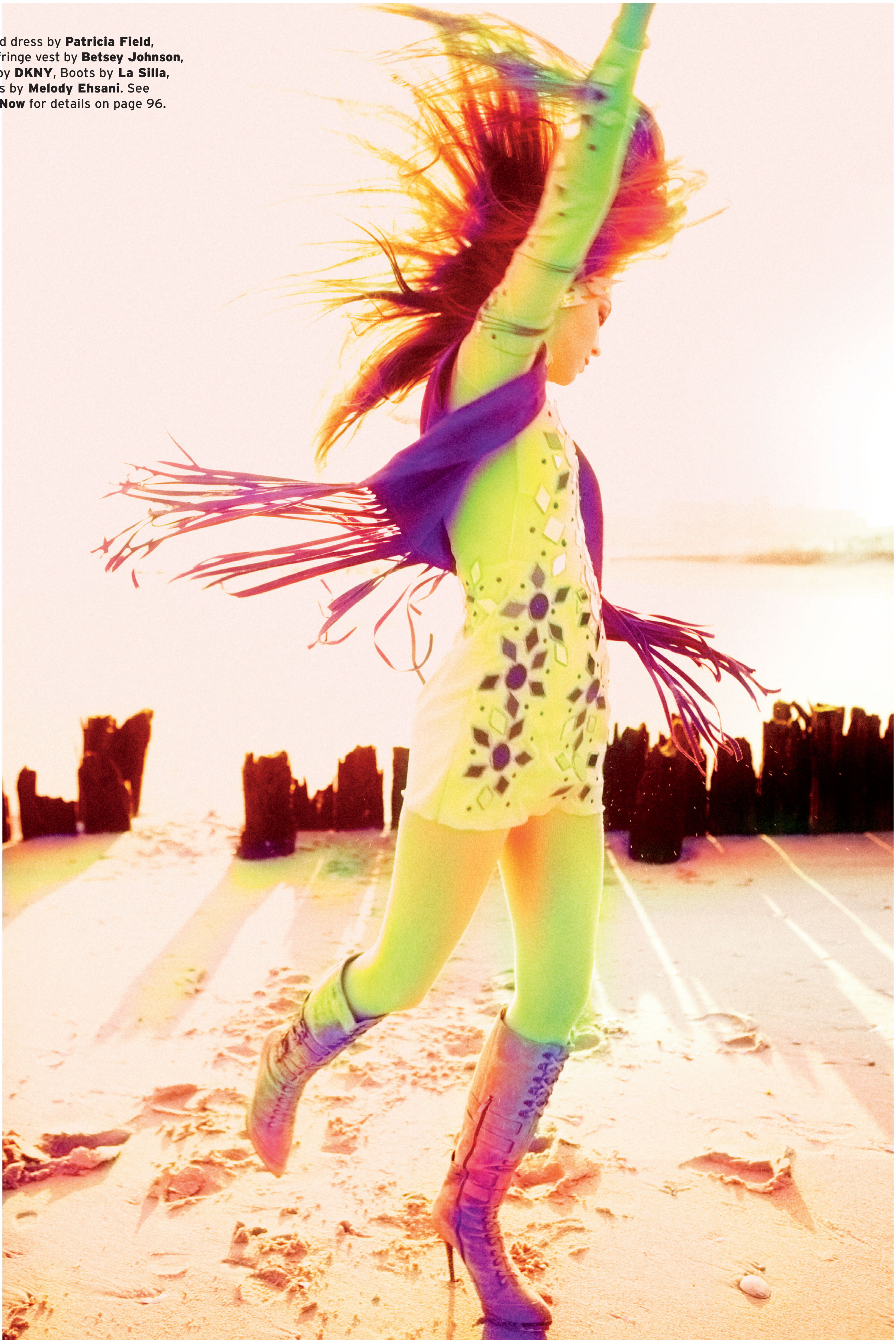
Makeup: **Robert Greene** @ See Management, Hair: **Staci Child** for Cutler/Redken @ Factory Downtown, Models: **Kim Matulova**, **Marike** @ Next, **Ruby Aldridge** @ Next, Post Production: **Kristen Lotto** @ Gloss Studio NYC

acid wash

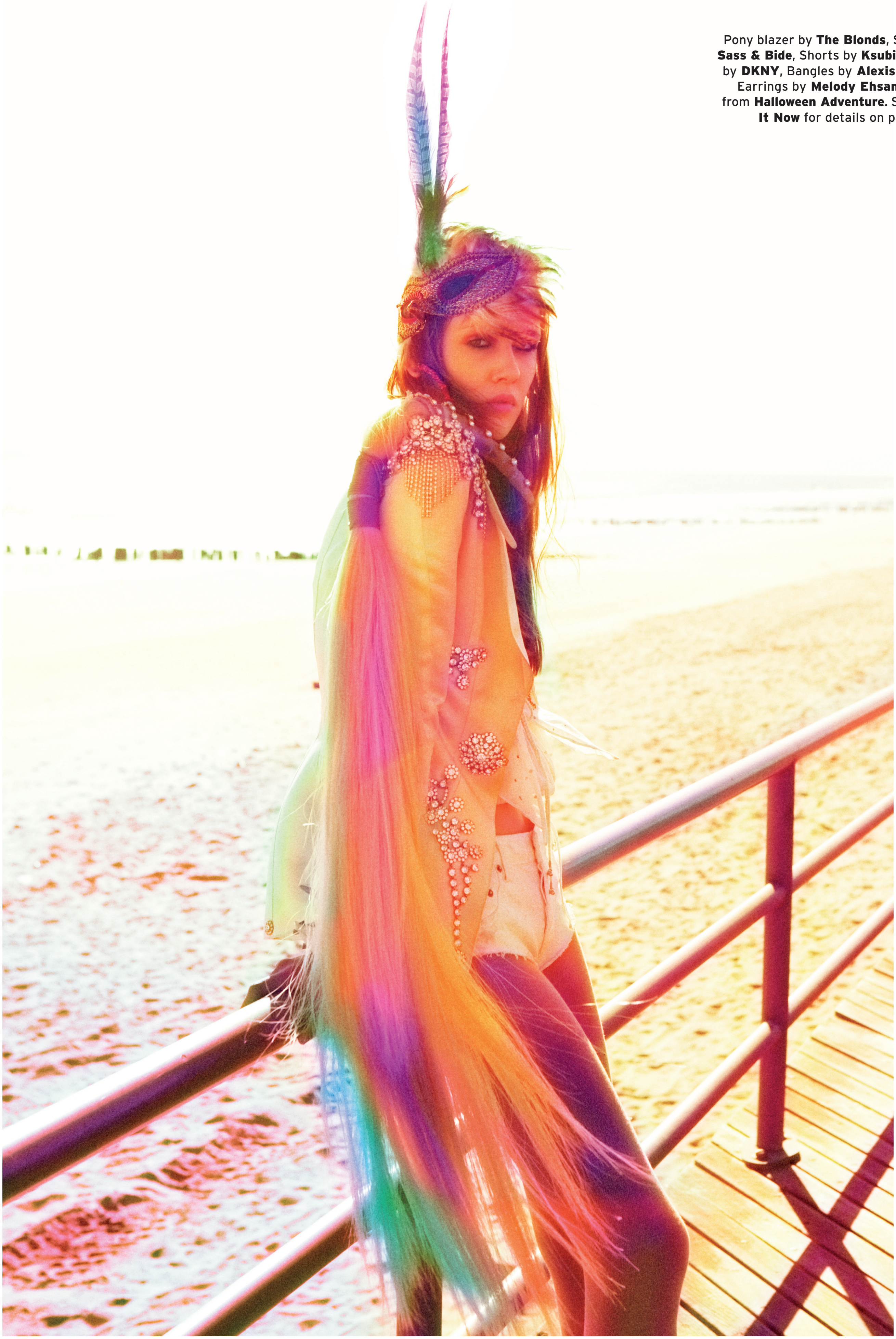
The Tour Bus Left Us Behind

Photos by Brooke Nipar
Styling by Rose Garcia

Jumpsuit by **Jeremy Scott**, Bird & Feather hat by **Kerin Rose**, Cuff bracelet by **Erickson Beamon**, Snake bracelet by **Patricia Field**, Bangle by **Alexis Bittar**. See **Buy It Now** for details on page 96.



Mirrored dress by **Patricia Field**, Purple fringe vest by **Betsey Johnson**, Tights by **DKNY**, Boots by **La Silla**, Earrings by **Melody Ehsani**. See **Buy It Now** for details on page 96.



Pony blazer by **The Blonds**, Shirt by **Sass & Bide**, Shorts by **Ksubi**, Tights by **DKNY**, Bangles by **Alexis Bittar**, Earrings by **Melody Ehsani**, Mask from **Halloween Adventure**. See **Buy It Now** for details on page 96.

Fur coat by **Rocawear**, Feather corset by **Patricia Field,** Shorts by **Judi Rosen**, Tights by **DKNY**, Headband by **Tarina Tarantino**, Bangle by **Alexis Bittar**. See **Buy It Now** for details on page 96.

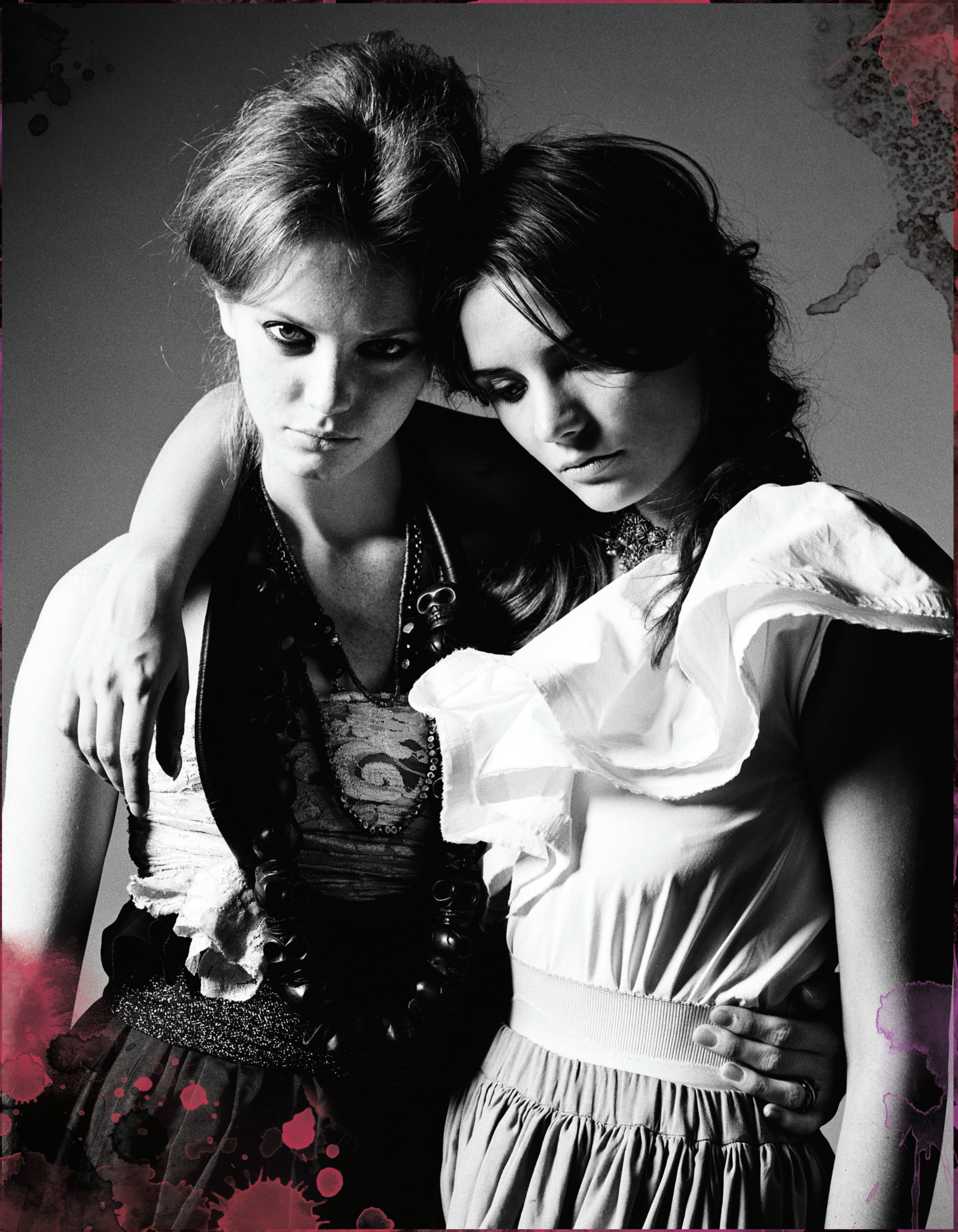
It's Alright Ma, *It's only* Witchcraft

We'll Be Home After The Solstice

Photos by Jimmy Fontaine
Styling by Rich Aybar

This page: Dress by **Lanvin**, Pants by **Sass & Bide**, Shoes by **Christian Dior**, Bracelet by **Bottega Veneta**. Turban is stylist's own. *Facing page:* Bodysuit by **Hanro**, Dress by **Betsey Johnson**, Boots by **Alexander McQueen**, Bangles by **Alexis Bittar**. See **Buy It Now** for details on page 96.

Makeup: **Aya Koura**, Hair: **Antonio Velotta**, Props: **Mark Orso** & **Hannah Newman**, Models: **Kira** @ Race Models, **Aleksandra** @ Q Models



Cream lace top, black sash, and skull necklace are stylist's own, Other necklaces by **Philip Crangi**, Black skirt by **Moschino**, Ruffle shirt by **Lanvin**, Pants by **Matthew Ames**, Underpants by **Prada**. See **Buy It Now** for details on page 96.

Necklaces by **Philip Crangi**, Camisole is stylist's own. See **Buy It Now** for details on page 96.

Dress by **Koi Suwannagate**, Slip by **Morgane Le Fey**, Necklaces by **Philip Crangi for Vera Wang**, Shoes by **Lanvin**, Necklace by **Virgin Saint and Angels**, Crown is stylist's own. See **Buy It Now** for details on page 96.

Print dress by **Jean Paul Gaultier**, Skirt worn as belt by **Moschino**, Ruffle dress and shoes by **Lanvin**, Bangles by **Alexis Bittar**. Top by **Stella McCartney**, Leather dress by **Stærk**, Petticoat by **Morgane Le Fey**, Socks by **Fogal**, Necklaces by **Philip Crangi**. See **Buy It Now** for details on page 96.

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FAKING IT

Continued from page 53

impossible to not have the fear of a different race or culture. We live in the most homogenized white-bread, bullshit, cheese doodles and fucking-Arby's wasteland, where black and whites weren't allowed to use the same water fountain… 50 years ago. So you'd feel more comfortable if I said "African-American" because you're so afraid a black person is gonna get mad, and if they do get mad maybe they'll… what? Shoot you? Steal your money? Since you love bitching so much about how gentrified Williamsburg has become, why don't you move to Brownsville? Why don't you live in a project? It's okay to be scared of stuff you don't know about, and it's okay to admit it too.

Quirky Personality Traits: Collecting Madame Alexander dolls, saying you're deaf in one ear, or having a bunny on a leash is a surefire way to get people to think you're more interesting than you actually are. Saying something like, "I'm so crazy," or "I have a lot of issues and I'm really intense," usually means you are none of those things, but rather a run-of-the-mill self absorbed individual, grasping at straws to get others to think you're worth knowing. Being on medication and telling everyone is yet another obvious attempt to appear interesting. How about taking up something random, like Foxtrot lessons or magic marker connoisseur-ing? When you have no personality and you know it, weirdly enough you become (kinda) interesting!

Reading: What books have you lied about reading? *Infinite Jest*? *The Heart is a Lonely Hunter*? *Lolita*? *Nausea*? The list goes on. Does it make you sound smarter when you say you've read these? It sure does!

Sonic Youth: It's true that Sonic Youth is good, and people genuinely like them. We genuinely like them… or do we? Sometimes we can't even tell. Did I not like Sonic Youth, but realized I kind of had to? Or did I sort of like them and realize that by admitting it, it made me sound like I had cool taste in music? We can't remember which came first, but the bottom line is that if you want to impress a normie with your musical preferences, dropping Sonic Youth will usually make you sound pretty legit. It's like the most obvious, go-to, "convincing" sounding cool band. And weirdly enough, their vibe has stood through the test of time. I guess that means they're actually pretty good, even though no one seriously listens to them. Busted!

Tempeh: We know and love that your diet consists of the five B's: burgers, bourbon, bagels, burritos, and beer. Your mom and your dentist think you should eat healthier. Just tell them you subsist on a diet of organic vegetables, soy, bee pollen, seiten, tofu and wheatgrass. Have you ever had a shot of wheatgrass? Besides tasting like a floor, it makes your stomach hurt for hours. You know what makes that hurt go away? Vitamin B… also known as vitamin Bagel Bite!

Unicorns: Unicorns are fake creatures for fake girls with fake dreams. They are also dazzling and can only be seen by virgins. Also, people who wear unicorn shirts are being fake funny or fay or gay. You can bring unicorns to life with your very own Lisa Frank Trapper Keeper. Then everyone will like you and you'll never get old.

Valentine's Day: Is a fake holiday. It's not meant to celebrate love, but rather to humiliate those who aren't in love. It's bullshit! Corporate lies! Gross consumerism! A good way to recognize a fake friend is if they take Valentine's Day seriously.

"Where did you get that shirt?": This is a surefire way for a rich person to know you're not one of them. Rich people don't ask where you get things, so if you are trying to fake like you have money, don't ask someone where they got their shirt/coat/Rolex/shoes, etc. If you do ask a rich person where they got their "thing" they will usually say something like, "Oh I've had it forever…it was my mother's" or something like that and then get annoyed and walk away and find someone who is part of their world to talk to. Don't blow it!

Xtra-curricular Activities: Just like in high school when you needed to lie to look accomplished, it's important to keep pretending that you're super busy accomplishing lots of things. People will be less offended when you ditch them if they think you've got charity work, cooking classes, and Kung Fu workouts. No one wants to know you just prefer Lifetime movies and binge eating to their exclusive company.

Yusuf Islam: Is a fake name. So is Cat Stevens. His real name is Steven Demetre Georgiou but no one knows who that is…or cares.

Zeitgeist: Drop this term during a dinner party and you might get offered a new job. It's how I got this job and why Olivia works for NASA now. It means "the spirit of the age and its society". If you understand what that means, you can probably work for NASA too. ★

CONCRETE BLONDE

Continued from page 54

You wouldn't name your daughter Rumer. No. I like more old-fashioned names, like Pearl. Nothing too earthy or bohemian, I'm not really into that.

Were you ever? No. Well, in high school I was kind of a hippie.

Kind of a hippie? [laughs] Yes. I think it was the acid. It made me fall in love with the earth and not wear shoes.

I think acid is underrated, especially in 2008 when it seems to be fairly irrelevant. I actually have older friends who take mushrooms. One friend in particular says it's like dental floss for the brain. He loves them and takes them all the time and he's in his forties.

Wow. I know. I haven't done them since I was 18 and I'm not sure I could handle it again. But it was fun when I did do it.

I think whippits are also underrated. I could never do whippits. I did poppers though, in England, on the dance floor. My friend Alana and I used to take them and listen to Fischerspooner. [laughs] I'm probably going to get in a lot of trouble for this interview. My publicist is already enraged by my intro to Lesley (Arfin)'s book.

Really? A little bit. [My publicist and I] have a good relationship. I like her a lot. She's kind of like my conscience. She's a little bit like my mother. Strongly judgmental. But that's okay.

It's good to have that voice. It is! [laughs] And it's sort of softer coming from her than my mother.

Would you ever have a fantasy wedding? I have a fantasy wedding. There's this little white church, kind of like the one where Carolyn Bessette was married, in Connecticut where I grew up, and there's this big park in New Canaan with a big mansion on it and I would have my reception there, and that's my fantasy wedding. I had songs and a man, but now that's over and I have to come up with another guy and other songs.

Is it odd when the culture decides you're the cool girl? Or is it just what life is like for you after dealing with it for so many years? I imagine it's strange. It is strange. It used to bother me more than it does now. I think I'm too old to be the cool girl anymore. I've always been attracted to people in the arts, who I've always idolized and still do, like Jim Jarmusch and Patti Smith, different musicians, filmmakers, and artists. And I think just being associated with cool people has rubbed off on me.

Do you get it that for a lot of people you're in that league? I don't know. Is it bad to say I hope so?

I don't think there's anything bad about hoping you can affect people. Yeah, in whatever small way. I hope a young actress might see me and the choices I've made and be inspired to try and do something different than the regular road. I mean there are plenty of actresses out there doing great work, like Samantha Morton, who always makes great choices.

Do you consider yourself a regular girl? No. Obviously I'm not, with the situation that I'm in and being known and stuff. I don't think I was ever a regular girl. Whatever that is.

Are you surprised that all of this happened to you? Sometimes I am. Yeah, I am. I started acting when I was 18, which is pretty young. I kept pursuing it because the money was good and I enjoyed doing it and now that I'm here I'm like, 'Whoa,' unless I marry really wealthy, I'm kind of stuck in this. Not that it's a bad place to be stuck. I love it and I love being on the show, and I'm going to keep pursuing a movie career even though it's been frustrating over the past few years, especially with the strike and working on the show and never being available because of the schedule.

It seems that you're in a more charmed position than a lot of working people in Hollywood, because you're not only known as an actor. That can be good, but it can also be bad. You know, 'Well she's the fashion girl, she doesn't really act.' I don't think that people give me enough credit as an actress. Not that I think I'm the world's greatest, but I've done a lot of good work. I'm hoping one day I'll be [laughs], this sounds silly, but you know how Wes Anderson hires Anjelica Huston in all of his movies? Maybe when I'm an older woman there'll be some hot young director that'll go, 'Remember that girl who was big in the 90's?' And hire me. ★

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What's your color?
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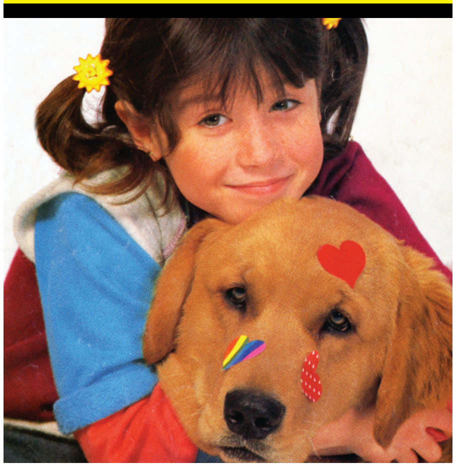
Last but not least!

TV PSYCHO(LOGY)

Punky Brewster



Every important thing you need to know, you can learn from TV. There was an episode of *Punky Brewster* where Margeaux schooled P, Cherie, and that other lil' dude they rolled with on the art of boob-growing. If you slept on your back, you would have "hugies." On your stomach, "flatties." On your side, well one of each, obvi. She instructed her preteen friends to consume ridiculous amounts of cheese puffs and... carrots? Oh, and you had to wear a bra to make the magic begin. Boobless me was inspired, even hopeful. I got my mom to buy me a training bra. Since I didn't like cheese puffs, I opted for the carrots. Tons of carrots. Night after night, I would lie awake, on my back, in an empty bra, binge eating those carrots under the covers. I fell asleep dreaming of the morning when I would wake up with giant knockers. Everyone at school would gasp in amazement. Well, it never happened. I don't have much of a rack at all. However, everyone knows about Soleil Moon Frye and her get-out-of-gym-with-a-note sized tits. Girl must have liked her Cheetos. —*Sarah Morrison*

YASI TRIES

Facebook

I'll be honest with you, I'm not much of a social networker. This is mostly because I don't actually care for people, even virtual ones, and I'm pretty sure the feeling is mutual. I joined MySpace back in 2003 as a joke. I found it to be some sort of hipster dating site, which is at best amusing, and at worst gravely ominous. I dutifully filled out the barest of personal information (About Me: "No") and weeded through the often bizarre and sometimes hilarious mail I would get, forwarding the choicest picks to my friends as a means to get us through the work day in a pre-Perez Hilton world. This included the Persian guy who said I should only date my own race, the guy who posted multiple pictures of himself working out, and the one dude who sent me a message that simply said, "Tadow." Now that MySpace is some sort of cultural phenomenon that allows me access to more shitty bands (tight jeans, expensive haircuts) and streetwear clothing lines (clever drug references, gold foil dollar bill screen prints) than any one person could mock, I don't commune with it quite as often as I used to. But I get it. You create an account, put up pictures in which you look fifteen pounds skinnier than you actually are, make sure everyone knows you have one hundred and thirteen favorite bands (and list them in alphabetical order), and any time you are bored/lonely/hungry, you post a bulletin informing your 6,589 friends as much. MySpace shone a bright social light into the formerly dark, lonely world of fourteen-year-old emo boys all over the country. As long as Tom is peering coyly over his shoulder at you from somewhere deep in the interweb, all is right with the world! Blessed be this place for friends!

By the time Facebook segued from college favorite to mainstream popularity, I was twenty-five and considered myself far too old and far too busy to participate (the latter part was laughably untrue). Then I started grad school, where besides sharing a strong affinity for "getting totally wasted" at happy hours (think places like Sharkeez and the Radisson Hotel bar), people in grad school also really love Facebook. While I find Kamikaze shots repugnant and have yet to attend a "tailgate", I was

WTF: Coachella

STEVE
SARAH

People love Coachella. People who like to drink at noon, enjoy 110 degree heat, and don't mind being stuck at Dim Mak parties for 7 hours straight due to the fact that no one has a car. People who enjoy making awkward conversations with individuals whom normal people wouldn't acknowledge existing 6 hours into said Dim Mak party, love them some Coachella. People who like sleeping four-to-a-bed in 4 star hotels and don't mind encountering dudes they hoped to never see sans shoes in their man panties in said hotel rooms. People who actually do Ecstasy and like wearing bikinis regardless of their proximity to water. People who can live off Svedka and gum and would rather see Steve Aoki DJ next to four differently shaped pools at four differently shaped hotels than see a single band play. You know, people who don't actually like music.—*Sarah Morrison*

Coachella photos: **Shadow Scene**

coerced into joining FB after eleven hours at the library with my study group. Having already been branded a pariah by most of my class, I decided to be a good sport about this one, and created a profile for myself.

That's when it started. The confusion. The self-doubt. The feelings of helplessness and paranoia. Facebook makes me feel like I'm a 95-year-old woman with dementia. There are like a hundred and forty seven applications and I don't know how to use any of them. I don't know what to do when I get a Zombie Request. I am suspicious of my three Coolest Person Requests (I am not cool), and why are all these people poking me? What is the difference between new and old Facebook? Do I need a Super Fun Wall? Why are other people allowed to put up pictures in which I look like a fat perplexed raccoon and then "tag me"? What am I supposed to say to people who I haven't talked to since we used to smoke weed and shoplift together in '94? Yes, thank you high school friends, for all being married and living blissfully happy lives and reminding me how pathetic my life is. But seriously, what's with the poking?

Basically, Mark Zuckerberg ruined my life and since I can't delete my account because I think people who do that are dramatic and weird, let's do this! Sell Your Friends? Sure! Please tell me which *90210* character I am most like! Do I want to know what my birthday means? Do I ever! Poke me and I'll poke you back! And if you were in Mr. Schwartz's 7th grade science class at Calle Mayor Middle School, add me and let's play Scrabulous!—*Yasi Salek*

INTERVENTION
The View

Sort it out or call it quits. There's no reason anyone should be watching your show for opinions on world issues every morning. Sherri Shepherd said the Earth might be flat... but she never really thought about it. Umm, well, it's not. She also said Christians predate the rest of history. Really? Even the Dinosaurs, millions of years ago? Because Jesus was on Earth 2008 years ago. That's why they call it 2008. That's the trick everyone uses to remember. Elisabeth Hasselbeck got her job after she came in fourth on *Survivor.* That's like hiring a *Flavor of Love* reject. The reason she's still on the show is because they needed to cast a Republican who is semi-hot. Too bad she doesn't give any of us a semi. Whoopi Goldberg! What? She was funny once. Remember when she dated Ted Danson? That was kinda funny because Whoopi Goldberg's a lez. Probably. Joy Behar is an old comedian, of the "take my wife please" variety. We get it. She hates war, loves the movie *The Big Chill*, and her thick New York accent is "Hillario Clinton" (queue eye-rolling). Our moms love you, Joy. You probably have some funny stories about Star Jones beefing in front of everyone. Thank you, Barbara Walters, for giving us this mid-morning mind rape. You were good in your day, but now you've given us the gift that keeps on giving. No, it's not herpes. It's women talking. Women talking over each other, under each other, women's voices making sweet love to one another. Well, sometimes it's lovemaking. Usually, it's a hate fuck. That's when the ratings go up. It's not empowering. It's embarrassing. So, *The View*, you've lost your vision. Or you never had one. Or, we're not your target audience. Lateskies!—*Greg Johnson*

FILM SCHOOL
The Vampire Happening

There are tons of silly sex comedies made during the swingin' 70's, but this gem truly rose to the occasion and outta the coffin, drawing blood from the necks of grind house movie geeks everywhere!

Meet bombshell Betty Williams (Pia Degermark), an American actress who arrives in Transylvania to claim her inheritance of the Clarimonde Castle, complete with a cobwebbed ancestral tomb and a scary butler. While exploring the castle in an acid-trip-like sequence, Betty discovers that she's the spitting image of her ancestor, the Countess Catali, who also happens to be a vampire. When she accidentally opens the Countess' tomb, clueless Betty unknowingly releases her vampire doppelganger into the world of free love and flower power!

As the countess is out sucking plasma to her heart's content, there are plenty of mistaken identity shenanigans. The Countess Catali plagues the local village with vampirism and manages to bone a slew of muscled hunks, including Betty's boyfriend. Her first victim, a local monk, has barrels of fun ravaging the village girls, both in and out of bed.

The who's-who gag eventually moves our story to the annual vamps convention where bloodsuckers gather with the guest of honor, Dracula! He conveniently arrives by helicopter. Oh sorry, it's actually a "bat-copter". When the Count reveals his plan of domination, the party really becomes a hoot. There's boobie Jell-O, psychedelic phallic symbols, gratuitously gay flight attendants, neck gnawing, multiple diddling, fainting females, and a vamp mod rock band. Can poor Betty and her beau stop the vampires from taking over the entire countryside before dawn? It's somewhat like 'Benny Hill meets Dracula', only replace Benny with sexy lady vampires, and have it dubbed out-of-synch by horny Germans. Unearth Transylvania's trashiest while you can with the DVD from Alpha Video!—*Larry Conti*

DEAR BOY
Michael Showalter

Dear Boy,
How long should I wait to text a guy back? I know calling is 2 days, but isn't it different for texting? I'm trying to be money and I don't know how.
Love, a Played Out Phrase that still works

Immediately. And if he doesn't respond right away, fire off a few more.

· ·

Dear Boy,
Do guys really like it better when girls wear heels? I want to look pretty but heels are so hurty. Will I sill get laid?
Love, Jazz Shoes

Yes, you will still get laid. Guys like other things besides heels: skin tight leather or spandex pants, hot pink mini-skirts, backless shirts, a little thong action. You're fine.

· ·

Dear Boy,
Do you like to talk after you have sex, or go right to sleep? I can't help but feel guilty every time I want to converse after we do it.
Love, Chatter-Box

During is fine. After, not so much. The conversation usually goes, "Where's the remote control?" "I don't know." "It's right here." "What's on?" "Nothing." "Find something." "Okay."

Send your questions to: dearboy@missbehavemag.com

WICCA PEDIA
Moldavite

My favorite crystal right now is moldavite. It's the most bang for your buck, not in terms of size, but in terms of hype. My friend's 4-year-old said, "That stone looks like throw up." She's kinda right in that it's all bubbly, but when you hold it up to the light, it's a translucent green. After I told my cousin to buy herself some moldavite, she called to tell me she could only get a shitty little piece, because it costs so much. I told her to never call it shitty because sometimes the smallest moldavites have the most metaphysical power. A week later, her roommate thought her moldavite was an old raisin and threw it away. She retrieved it and stopped calling it shitty. Moldavite is supposed to accelerate your spiritual evolution. It causes transformation from within which affects what's on the outside. When you work with moldavite ("working with" is how the New Agerati say it), you won't be able to lie to yourself about a situation. Like stay in a bad relationship, or work at the wrong job, etc. This can be a tough call if you're happy on a drinking binge and/or slutting it up.

The first night I slept with moldavite by my bed, I tossed and turned when I usually sleep as heavy as a sandbag. I've heard some girls claim they can't hold or be near moldavite without getting nauseous. While I haven't gotten sick, I have lost my taste for coffee and my nails started growing at a gross rate. Seriously, I look like that chick from SWV. I've had a lot of dreams about the stone; finding it for low prices or in my cereal. I also renounced my love for a boy (this was huge). Moldavite is mined from one source in Czech Republic, where a meteorite crashed 15 or so million years ago. Anything you buy that claims to come from elsewhere could be bottled glass. Robert Simmons wrote a book about moldavite, which includes testimonials of lives changed. It also suggests moldavite might have been the green stone mentioned in the story of the Holy Grail. I don't really know that story, but I bet it's awesome.
—Jacqueline Novack

GOSEE: Kira Dikhiyar

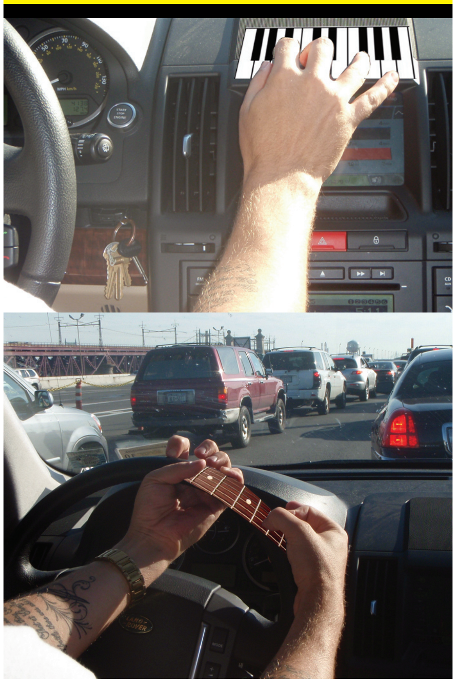
MAY 19 1981
PUNK LIVES

Where are you from? Moscow Agency? Race Models Management Are you an acrobat? Not really, but I used to be a professional gymnast. If you weren't a model, what would you be? An actress, or I could work for the United Nations. What movie do you wish you could have been in? I would make a great Bond girl. Who is your favorite model? Marilyn Monroe This photo was taken by Jimmy Fontaine in his apartment on September 5th. See their fashion story on page 82.

Photo: **Jimmy Fontaine**

INVENTIONS I THOUGHT OF WHILE STONED

by Gavin McInnes



Smoking pot is bad for the environment and it makes your eyes jealous. It's also a gateway drug and that means it can lead to much harder ideas like... inventions. Anyhoozles, here are three ideas my pot brain is giving to you—in the face.

Piano Sticker
When you're listening to Elvis Costello in the car, you want to play the piano on your dashboard but you can't because it's just a fucking dashboard. However, if someone were to make a little sticker with keyboard keys on it, you could stick that there and it would instantly become an imaginary piano. Oooh! You could do it on your desk at work too. After those become popular and your Piano Sticker company is in the Fortune 500, you could make fret stickers with fake strings on them for turning your steering wheel into a guitar.

High End Native American Restaurant
Everyone feels bad about what we did to the Indians, so let them put their money where their mouths are. Here's how: You open a restaurant that serves super expensive, Indian inspired cuisine. All you have to do to not get in trouble is make regular donations to the local rez or some Indian Foundation or whatever. And you put "10% of all profits go to the National Indian Foundation" to really tug on their heart strings. So yeah, you have frybread and wild rice and buffalo and shit, but you pay some ridiculous French chef to do $100 a plate versions and rich people get to feel good about themselves while they're getting ripped off.

Bar for Dads
Being a parent can be fucking boring and you want to go to bars but you can't because they get all weird about kids being there (it's perfectly legal by the way – and you let dogs in there which is actually ILLegal so fuck you). Even if the bar is cool with it, kids get all wriggly and want to run around because they don't know how great booze is yet. SO, what you do is, you have an area at the back with springy floors and toys and shit that is basically half the bar. Then, you hire some illegal alien to look after them and the dads get to drink in the front. You call it "O'Kidley's" and the logo is a little kid holding a pint. When you pick up your kid from the back you slide Maria $5 or some shit and she ends up making about $100 a shift. Easy peasy. P.S. Feel free to steal any of these ideas and become rich with them.

LIFE STORY #89576: GOODBYE MANBOOBS, HELLO WORLD

by Sam Brown

LIVESTRO
ING
JUNGE
RUN,
SANDR
RUN

It's late 2008, and I can safely say that I am not going to run the New York City Marathon this year. It's disappointing, but up until last year I wouldn't have even been upset about not attending the 26.2 mile foot race that runs from the Staten Island side of the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge, through all five boroughs, and finishes off in Central Park. It all started last May, when I was dating a girl who didn't want to date me. There was a grocery list of shortcomings she gave to me that I had excuses for or defenses against: "You're irresponsible. You smell. I don't like you."

All these, I could deal with, but there was one that really cut through the armor. One so bad, that I had to drag it out of her. So bad, that the scarring memories have followed me my whole life. So bad, that it shaped who I am and more likely, it shaped who I am not: "You have man boobs."

It hurt. It hurt so bad, I started googling man boob websites. Some sites were supportive. Some sites were ridiculing. Some were even fetishes. I came away with two things from this experience: One: I do not have the worst man boobs and, Two: The best way to shed your man boobs is diet and exercise. Later that week, the girl dumped me. She stopped all communication, but I still wanted to win her back. This rejection resulted positively in my new-found devotion to jogging. I would go out every weekend and jog two miles around the quarter-mile track in McCarren Park. I was psyched because up until that point I was not a runner at all. I thought back to the furthest I ever ran and it was definitely a mile, sometime in high school. Then it dawned on me. I didn't even run the mile back then! I walked most of it. That made me feel even better.

The flip side to this rejection coin is that I had started drinking more Jaeger. More Jaeger means more blacking out. More blacking out means more regrets. This continued until one day when I drank a half-bottle of Jaeger. That didn't really bother me (partially because I don't remember doing it), but the following day I was more hung-over than I'd ever been. I was a recycled soul covered in sheets, throwing up until the wee hours of the next day. This led to a promise, "I will not have another drink for at least one week… maybe." I think I had a little bit of a problem. Shit, maybe I still do.

This week of sobriety would have been a lot stranger if I weren't running. It probably would have been a lot shorter too. Most nights, I started off by going to the park and running two miles, which I was soon able to stretch to three miles. I would then go home, shower, go out, and feel good about myself. I wouldn't need to drink because I was already satisfied with what I did that day. I wasn't looking for alcohol to take me on some bro-filled adventure. I was content.

After my week of sobriety, I decided to try a month of sobriety. And in this theme of pushing myself, I wanted to see if I could run from my house up to the Williamsburg Bridge (which has quite the incline) and back. To my surprise, by the time I got up the bridge I was feeling good. So good, I decided to keep going. I ended up going all the way over the bridge and all the way back. I found out later that I ran four miles. I also found out later that there were two things that hadn't occurred to me that were working in my favor. First, if you are running on a treadmill or a track, you are seeing the same scenery over and over again. This causes you to get tired mentally and makes the run feel harder than it actually is. Second, your body and muscles don't get completely warmed up until you run for about three miles. For the first time ever during a run, I started to feel more energized than when I began. Up until that point, I thought of running as having a gas tank and once you started to feel drained and crampy, you were done. Before I just thought marathon runners dealt with that pain until the end. This new discovery opened up a whole new realm of opportunities. I could run Central Park. I could run along the water. I could run all the bridges in Manhattan. Maybe I could even run The Marathon!

The more I looked into it, the more I realized it was possible. People decide to run marathons all the time; young, old, fat, and thin. There I was, not quite old, not quite thin, with the drive to run a marathon. So, I committed to it. I told my friends I was doing it so it would be harder to back out. Within months of being on a training program, I shed over 30 lbs., which my ex said was on account of me having "a lot of weight to loose in the first place" (wow, she REALLY didn't like me). I even got to the point where I was comfortable enough to run with my shirt off, which, if you have man boobs, you know is like the biggest of big deals.

I was sober until The Marathon (and during it) but after it all my vices came back. Since my vices are BFF with my man boobs, those came back too. I guess the only answer is to find a really hot girl who loves me for who I am and every once in a while can turn to me and say, "What's up Sweet Tits?"

BOOK REVIEW: We Are Experienced

Danielle Levitt photo courtesy of Powerhouse Books

Danielle Levitt's powerHouse book, *We Are Experienced* (with a brill intro and interview by Mark Jacobs) spans four years of photographs depicting American teenagers across the country in their natural environments. These environs span from their parent's living rooms, to their postered-up bedrooms, to Wisconsin water parks, and Texan football fields. There is something timeless and totally focused about Levitt's portraits; each photograph is a diorama of these teenager's lives: Slightly mischievous, hopeful, self-conscious, and always earnest. There is something comforting in knowing that messy, stoned, and achingly sophisticated youngsters will always exist anew and be forced to go through the same awkward human-shaping high school years that we endured, and our parent's endured before us. Suckers.—*Olivia Allin*

Holiday Gift Guide

Stuff We Want!

MOST
OFFICIAL
BITCH
MOST

CASHMERE SWEATER
Married To The Mob

We like warm fuzzies, especially when they are emblazoned with the slogan Most Official Bitch. SWAK! $150, available at marriedtothemob.nyc

Zoo York
ZOO YORK

JENNA JAMESON BOARD
Zoo York X Jenna Jameson

Buy this skateboard for your BF in the guise of being an awesome girlfriend. He'll never know you had the ulterior motive of drooling at your porn star girl-crush. Only 500 made and they retail for $75 each at select skate shops throughout the US.

SATCHEL
Stüssy

This Stussy drawstring bag is the cure for our woes. Skulls and bones do wonders for schlepping! $48, stussydirect.com

PERS
TRAIN
CRUNCH
H2O

GYM MEMBERSHIP
Crunch

A Crunch Membership is a New Years essential. Get "Bangingsome!" Rates vary by market, but all new members receive two free personal training sessions, 10% off a personal training package, a shiny workout planner, and gym bag. crunch.com

TY KU SAKE BOMB KIT
TY KU

Sake! Sake! Bomb! Bomb!. It's the-bomb-dot-com. For the sake connoisseur $27.99, trytyku.com

"THE MELROSE"
Fila

We can sum up why we want The Melrose in three words: Jam On It! $70, available at fila.com

BOARD B
Burton Alpha

OMFG we are totally ballistic over this board. B by Burton Alpha makes riding super glamorous! $399.95, available at burton.com

TRIP TO JAPAN
Japan Airlines

Must make a pilgrimage to motherland of cute. Shibuya is calling us. Japan Airlines from NYC to Tokyo start at $1447 per person roundtrip. jal.com

YUMMY
BREAKFAST
keychains

YUMMY BREAKFAST KEYCHAINS

Kid Robot

Don't give out keys to your heart. Instead gift these yummy keychains and keep your heart to yourself. $4.95 each, available at kidrobot.com

BLACK LIP SHINE

Lipstick Queen

Shiny lips = more sex. We're gonna do it A LOT in the next 12 months. Need at least 69 pots please. $22, available at lipstickqueen.com

MAID SERVICE

Merry Maids

We're lazy. We need help. Maid Service is the answer. Pretty please! Rates starting at a paltry $98 per hour! Get maid at merrymaids.com

SOUTH BRONX
OSIRIS

SOUTH BRONX

Osiris Girls

Oh la la, the classic South Bronx has a new color scheme. These kicks are part of the "Artist Series Collection," featuring artwork by Ensenada/San Diego artist, Acamonchi. You know we have to add these to the collection. $66.99, osirisgirls.com

NO FRONTIN' JACKET

Hellz Bellz

When we take over the world, this is what we're gonna be wearing. $345.00, available at 80spurple.com

music
videos
pictures
social
radio
podcasts
MISSBEHAVE
8GB

CUSTOM MP3 PLAYER

Zune

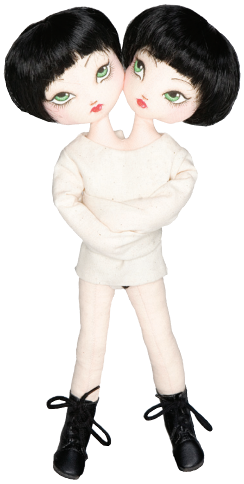
Customization is the bomb. Zune made us this *Missbehave* version for a prezzie, but now everyone can follow our lead. With 40 designs to choose from and personalized engravings, yours will be totes original. An 8GB Zune Player with Artist Series Engraving will cost $164.99 and the 5-line inscription is free! Available at zuneoriginals.net

Baby-G
CASIO
ADJUST
MODE
AUTO
SPLIT
WR 10BAR
SHOCK RESIST

BABY-G WATCH

Casio

We are the Robots. 2009 is all about digital punctuality. Baby-G is totally Fashion and Function! $89, available at Macy's Stores Nationwide.



LIN & LING DOLL

Worship Worthy x Devout Dolls

Friends are fickle, but dolls are forever. $350, available wwtnyc.com

X RAY SPECS NECKLACE

Tatty Devine

We're hoping this necklace helps us see through everybody's bullshit this New Year. If not, it's just really cute, so whatever. £51 (about $89 USD), available at tattydevine.com

Fashion Buyer's Guide

buy it now!

55DSL 55dsl.com
80's Purple 80spurple.com
ADAM shopstyle.com
Adidas adidas.com
Akademiks akademiks.com
Alessi we bought this soup at the bodega
Alex and Chole alexandchloe.com
Alexandre Herchcovitch herchcovitch.uol.com.br
Alexis Bittar alexisbittar.com
Alife alifenyc.com
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Brightside Tie Dyes brightsidetie-dyes.com
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Kid Robot kidrobot.com
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Ksubi ksubi.com
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Lipstick Queen lipstickqueen.com
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Made Me mademeclothing.com
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Medusa's Makeup medusasmakeup.com
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CRACK
BROADWAY
HOWARD ST
ON
WAY

COLOSSAL
MEDIA GROUP
COLOSSALMEDIA.NET

Employee of the Month?

even though we're quarterly, senior editor olivia allin charms us daily

I have a megacrush on Clark Duke!

I bought these with my first paycheck in Chinatown, NYC

Red Roses Cologne by **Jo Malone London**

Mr. Stephen made me and Weetzie Bat into supermodels!

Biscotti Dark Blonde Hair Color by **L'Oreal Paris**

I love MSG!

Baby me drooled a helluva lot

Chynna Clugston-Major majorly rocks!

I lost 3 whole pounds on **Nutrisystem!**

This is my first dye job as a grumpy 15-year-old, it's also when I started writing!

My favorite carousel at Parc Monceau in Paris, I'm the cutest, right?

Hand-painted Converse All-Stars from high school

Portrait: **Stephen K. Schuster**, Clark Duke Photo: **Roy Alwin**, Still life photos: **Eduardo Juarez**

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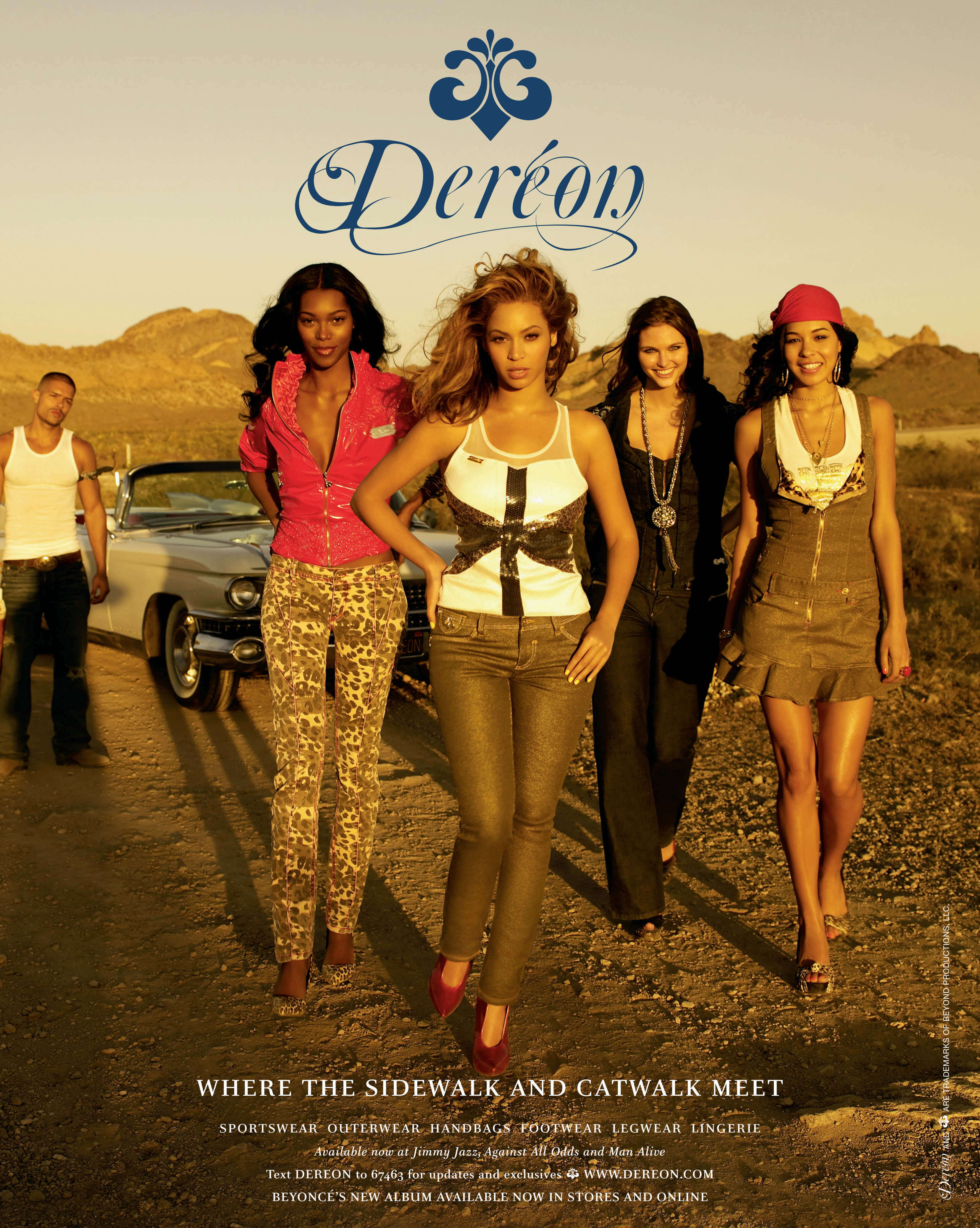

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TO SING YOUR SONG YOU GOTTA HAVE LIPS!

but I gotta stay true
morals got me on my knees

Missbehave's Guide To:

The Perfectly Polished LIPS PARTY

PHOTOS BY **LASTNIGHTSPARTY.COM**

XBOX 360
Lips

With two wireless mics, an Xbox 360, and an eclectic group of performance-loving peeps (aka "mic hogs"), your Lips party is just a credit card swipe away! 40 songs are already pre-loaded on the Lips game, so getting started is a no-brainer. How you play is easy, but how you throw a Lips party is a different story all together. Sounds easy too, but certain rules and restrictions apply, like don't invite a wallflower, and don't serve chamomile tea mixed with Xanax. This ain't no snoozefest people, it's the best night of your freakin' life!!!!! Blinking lights, awesome music, singing partners, and out-of-control party antics that we wouldn't be able to make up if we tried. You ready to learn more? Welcome to *Missbehave*'s Guide to the "Perfectly Polished" Lips Jam! We didn't miss a beat.

GUESTS

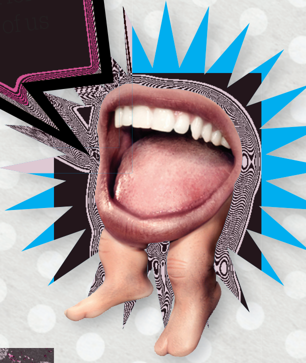
Who are your best friends? Your worst enemies? Invite them both and sing out the drama. Remember how they battled via music in *West Side Story*? That's gonna be you now, except the songs will be a lot cooler. Possibly. *West Side Story* is still pretty great.

If you're trying to be nice by inviting your shy/boring friend, give her a pep talk to coax out her inner diva, otherwise you'll be making excuses for her all night. There's no time for excuses, we have sing-fighting to do!

LIPS TIP #1

Lippy recommends "In Bloom" by Nirvana for the shy bunny in all of us

try to do what those ladies tell us
jam for all the fellas



LIPS TIP #2

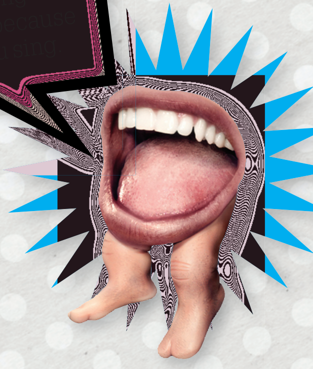
Lippy recommends "Another One Bites the Dust" for the one thing you won't have to bite into.

FOOD

Wild times call for wild food ideas, like cheese doodles in a bowl, or marshmallows (good for throwing in the air or juggling with). Honey with tea helps your vocal chords, but honey with tequila goes down much sweeter, and we all want to sound our best when belting out those ballads. Keep all refreshments simple and neat and if you see a friend with an empty cocktail, refresh it immediately. Some foods to watch out for are sticky, tacky ones like taffy, candy apples, or caramels (it's like having your jaw wired shut) and avoid carbonated beverages, no one wants to hear a mid-jam burp.

LIPS TIP #3

Lippy recommends "Superstar" by Lupe Fiasco featuring Matthew Santos because you are what you sing.



ATTIRE

Fashion-wise, you get to be a rock star for the night, so dress accordingly. Anything skin-tight, leopard print, acid wash, leather and/or lace will work just fine. You are a true star for the night, so allow yourself to shine like an entire constellation. Wear heels, wear fishnet gloves, or don't wear any of those things at all. Dress normal if that's the kind of star you envision yourself to be, but remember skin tight leather evokes the Joan Jett in all of us.

APPLAUSE

It is always appropriate to show your appreciation when a fellow partygoer has finished a song. Different kinds of applause go with different kinds of songs. For example:

LIPS TIP #4

Lippy recommends "Bust a Move" by Young M.C., because busting a move on the dance floor trumps clapping any day

THE SLOW CLAP
This is used after a very emotional, moving number, and is usually accompanied by a single teardrop down the cheek.

THE "GOOD JOB" CLAP
A nice but short solid clap that clearly says "We appreciate your effort and it was good, but we've seen better."

THE CLAP ALONG CLAP
Not usually considered applause but when the whole party starts clapping along, it means that you are kicking vocal ass and everyone wants you to know.

THE INSANE CLAP POSSE
This isn't even a clap at all. It starts as one maybe, but ends in pure chaos and party insanity. This is the Cadillac of applause and happens about once a year. Good luck!

LIPS TIP #5
Lippy recommends "Ladies Love Country Boys" by Trace Adkins, because we sure do!

FLIRTING

Can you flirt with song? You sure can! Love is the source of most of our favorite songs, so flirting and singing are basically like an old married couple. Nothing says "I like you" more than singing a song straight into the eyes of a super-deluxe crush. For the timid, just try to sing your best. Any earnest attempt will score you brownie points whether it's intentional or not. Bat those eyes, flaunt that cleave, and most importantly, choose your song wisely.

LIPS TIP #6

Lippy recommends, “Stand By Me” by Ben E. King because singing all night can really be an emotional workout

ENDING THE PARTY

We know, we don’t want it to end either, but your voice is hoarse and your eyes are spinny. It’s time to go home. Make sure you help the hostess pick up all those marshmallows and cheese balls you threw earlier. If your crush is leaving with someone else, we feel for you sweetie. It happens. You’ll just have to wait for the next Lips party. It’s tomorrow night! Walk your drunken friends home instead and sleep off the pain. Make sure you say nothing for the next 12 hours so that you can save your vocal chords. We need those as much as we need you.

TEEN
T
CONTENT RATED BY ESRB

Lyrics
Mild Cartoon Violence
Suggestive Themes
Use of Tobacco

XBOX 360